Chilhowean

1910

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Points of Interest About Maryville

VOLUME V :: NUMBER 1

THE CHILHOWEAN

JUNE 1910

EDITED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS OF MARYVILLE COLLEGE

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE

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As a token of our appreciation of her interest in our work,
we dedicate this, the fifth volume
of the Chilhowean to

Mrs. J. B. S. Alexander

a scholar—learned and wise,
a teacher—just and sympathetic,
a lady—gentle and refined

Mrs. J. B. S. Alexander

Mrs. Alexander

MRS. JANE BANCROFT SMITH ALEXANDER was born in Williamstown, Mass., October 23, 1860. She received her early education in the public schools and the Young Ladies' Seminary of the same town. After graduating from the Seminary she became a special student at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

In addition to this training she has taken summer courses at the University of Vermont and Harvard University, correspondence courses with Chicago University, and lectures at Columbia. Two European tours and a year of study in France and Italy, including courses in History and Literature at the Sorbonne University of Paris, fitted her admirably for her position as a teacher.

In her work in various schools she has not only won the esteem of those in authority, but also the love and respect of the students. She has held positions in Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., the Halsted School, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, and at Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn. Here she was teacher of Latin from the fall of 1883 until 1885, being asked to take charge of the Latin department on the death of Professor Bartlett, until the election of his successor, Dr. Elmore. So satisfactory was her work that, upon the death of Professor Roberts in 1892, she was again called to this position, and held it until the election of Professor Newman.

In 1900 she was married to Rev. J. M. Alexander, and came to live in Tennessee, and was soon asked to renew her work in Maryville College. In 1904-05 she substituted for Miss Lord in German and French. Upon the return of Miss Lord, in 1905, Mrs. Alexander was elected to the chair of History and Literature, and holds that position at the present time.

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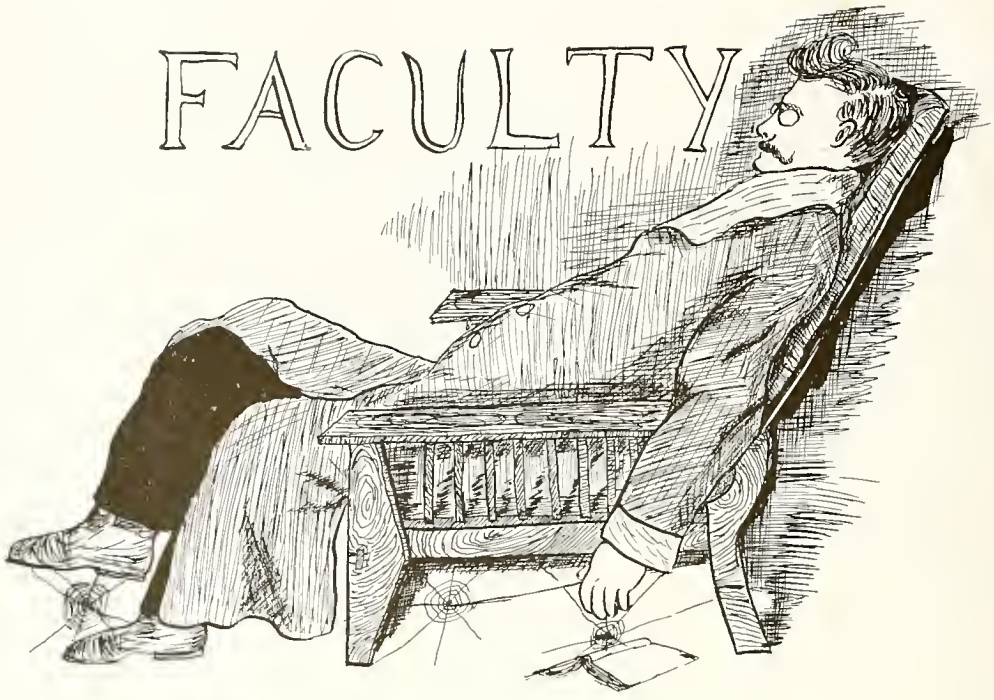

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In Memoriam

FLORENCE McMANIGAL was born September 14, 1885, at Logan, Ohio. After her course in the grammar school she completed the work of the Logan High School, spent one year in the University of Wooster, then in 1906 entered Maryville College and graduated with the class of 1908. The college authorities, having remarked her faithfulness and proficiency as a student, offered her a position as teacher in the preparatory department. She accepted the offer and during the following year taught the lower branches. Her constancy and efficiency were again observed and again rewarded, for she was asked to teach some of the higher studies during the next year. Having agreed to do this, she spent the vacation taking some special work at the University of Ohio and returned last fall well qualified for the position.

After teaching only three weeks she became ill, and it soon become evident that she was a victim of typhoid fever. At the advice of her physician she was removed to the Ralph Max Lamar Memorial Hospital. During the first two weeks her condition was favorable and seemed to augur a light attack of the disease. But at the beginning of the third week complications arose, frequent hemorrhages sapped her vitality, and all that sympathy could suggest or medical science could offer was of no avail. At 9:30 o'clock, Saturday evening, October 2, 1909, surrounded by her father, mother, and a number of friends, Miss Florence sank calmly into the sleep of death, but it was into that sleep from which none ever wakes to weep.

Sunday afternoon memorial services were held in Voorhees Chapel. Addresses were made by Dean Waller and Prof. Gillingham, in which beautiful tributes were paid to the life and character of Miss McManigal. After the services the faculty and students marched to the Louisville and Nashville Railway station, doing honor to all that was mortal of the young woman who had lived an exemplary life among them. The funeral party boarded the afternoon train for Logan, Ohio, where interment took place.

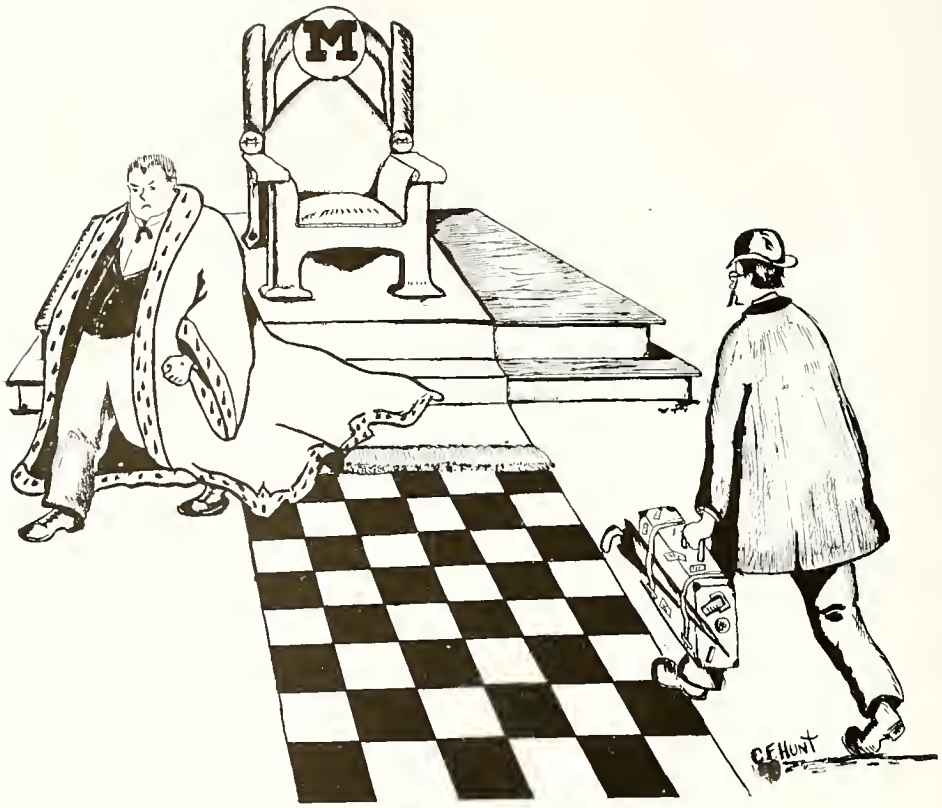
Foreword

"Since then at an uncertain hour
That agony returns,
And till my ghastly tale is told
This breast within me burns."

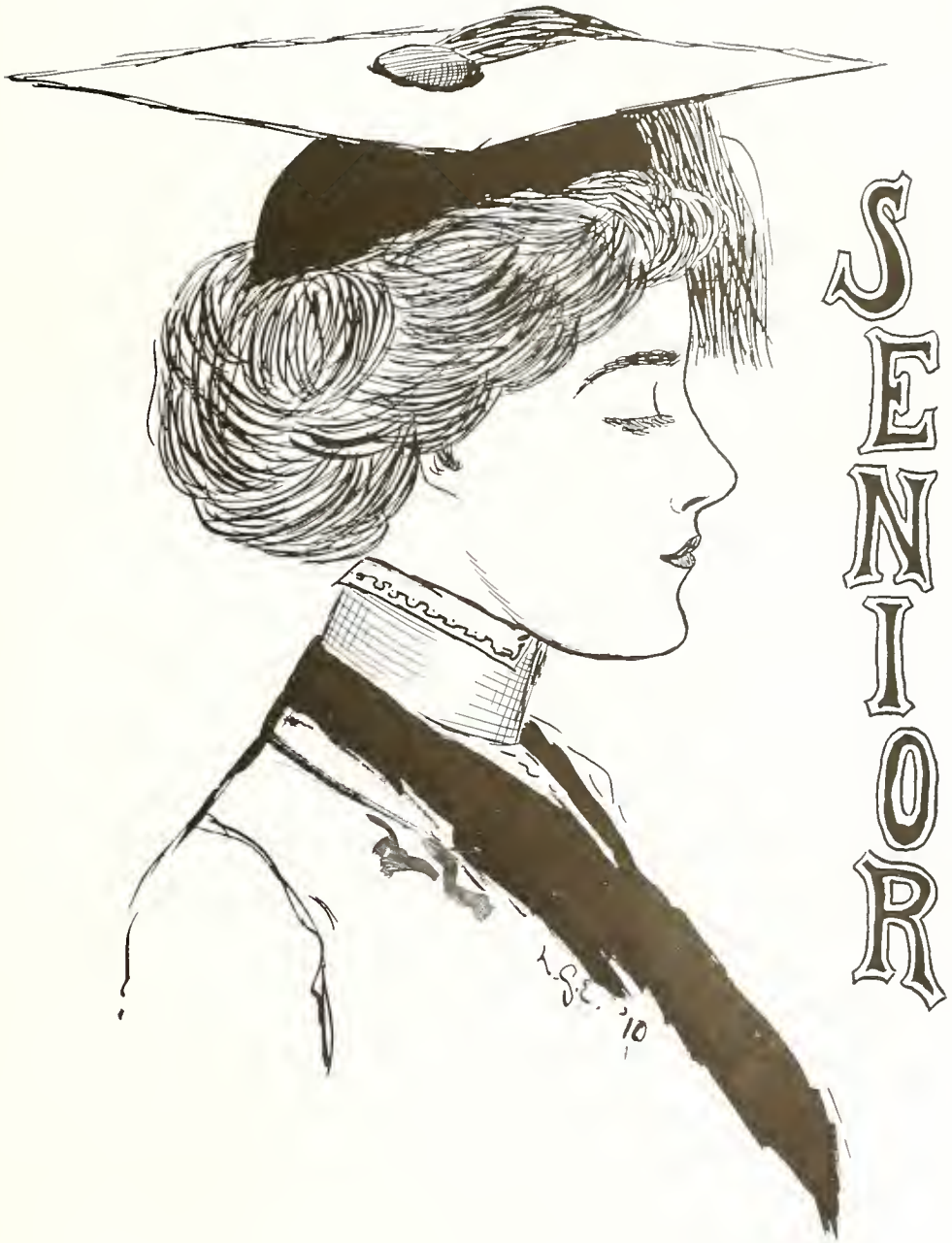
"The wedding guest, he beat his breast,
Yet he could not choose but hear."

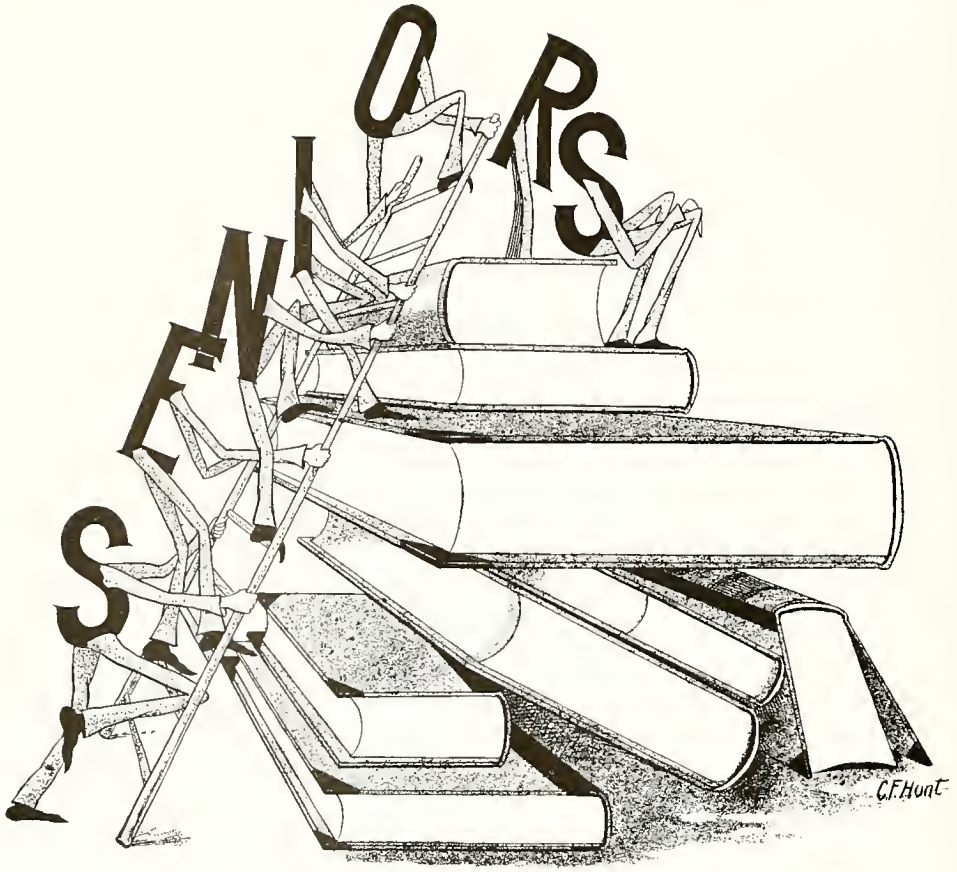
—Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*

And like him, thee,
My reader, free,
This book when once 'tis open
Will bind so fast,
Until the last:
Nor can the spell be broken
'Til thou dost read
What I have need
To write to ease my spirit,
In shady nook
Then ope' the book
And judge ye of its merit.



King Samuel Returns to the Throne


SENIOR



FLOWER: White Lily (Lilium Candidum) COLORS: Green and White

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YELLS

1907

Meanness.
Genius.
Hayseed—Squash!
Keenness.
Greenness.
Freshman—Gosh!

1908

Klickety-klack! Kalle-kawhack!
Lickety, Lackety, Leu!
Hippitty-hack, all in a pack!
Bound for Nineteen Ten!

1909

Clickety! Clackety!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Junior! Junior!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

1910

Boom! Get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!
Boom! Get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!
Boom! Get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Senior! Senior! Senior!
Boom! Boom! Boom!

EVA ALEXANDER, *Latin*
Maryville, Tennessee

Eve

Bainonian; Secretary of Bainonian, 1906; Class Editor, 1908-09; Member of Senior Basket-ball Team; Editor-in-Chief of CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute.

WILLIAM DRURA ALLEN, *English*
Grandview, Tennessee

Alpha Sigma; Member of Football Team, 1907-09; President of Alpha Sigma, 1909.

Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength!

WILLIAM WYNNE ASTLES, *Greek*
Rochester, New York

Athenian; President of Athenian; Winner of Athenian Oratorical Contest; Freshman Debater, 1907; Representative in Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, 1909-10; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A.

He was most loved by those who knew him best.

DAVID JOSEPH BRITTAIN, *Classical*
Maryville, Tennessee

Athenian; Freshman Debater, 1907; Winner of Goddard Medal for Oratory, 1907; President of Athenian, 1908-09; Treasurer of Adelphic Union, 1908-09; Exchange Editor of *College Monthly*, 1909-10; Football Reserves, 1909-10; Intercollegiate Debater, 1909; Assistant Business Manager of CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

Short of stature, long of head.

IVA TIPTON BRYAN, *Latin*
Maryville, Tennessee

Ivo

Bainonian; Secretary of Bainonian, 1908; Vice-President of Bainonian, 1910; Vice-President of Class, 1910; First Alto in Bainonian Quartette, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; First Alto in Senior Quartette.

The hand that made you fair hath made you good.

JOHN MARTIN CAMPBELL, *Political Science*
Spring City, Tennessee

Alpha Sigma; Intercollegiate Debater, 1910; Society Editor CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

If he pleased he pleased by manly ways.

HUGH CRESWELL, *English*
Bearden, Tennessee

Jo-Jo

Athenian; Secretary of Athenian, 1906; Class Editor, 1910; Class Treasurer, 1907; Vice-President of Athenian, 1908.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

LAVINIA GLADDEN EWERS, *English Literature*
Edgerton, Ohio

Baimonian; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1908; Captain of Co-Ed. Basket-ball Team, 1907-08; President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; President of Baimonian, 1910; Member of First Basket-ball Team, 1909-10; Member of Senior Basket-ball Team; Art Editor of CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

Love to one, friendship to few, good-will to all.

STEPHEN CAESAR GUIGOU, *Mathematical*
Valdese, North Carolina

Alpha Sigma; Winner of Alpha Sigma Medal, 1907; Member of Football Team, 1908-09; Business Manager of *College Monthly*, 1908-09; Intercollegiate Debater, 1909; President of Y. M. C. A., 1909; Editor of *College Monthly*, 1909-10; Assistant in Physiology, 1909-10.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

VERA MAY HALL, *Latin*
Maryville, Tennessee

Dear

Bainonian; Secretary of Bainonian, 1907; Vice-President of Class, 1907-08; Graduate of Music, 1909; President of Bainonian, 1909; Second Soprano in Bainonian Quartette, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Pianist in Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Second Soprano in Senior Quartette.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those that know, all words are faint.

CLARICE HAWKINS, *Classical*
Bridgeport, Illinois

Theta Epsilon; Secretary of Theta Epsilon, 1908; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; President of Theta Epsilon, 1910; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10.

Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love.

JAMES PORTER JEWELL, *Classical*
Fredericktown, Missouri

Athenian; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909; Leader of Student Volunteer Band, 1909-10; President of Athenian, 1910; Associate Editor of CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull.

FRED MOORE LEWIS, *Political Science*
Morristown, Tennessee

Alpha Sigma; Vice-President of Alpha Sigma, 1909; Forward on First Basket-ball Team, 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1910; Coach of Co-Ed. Basket-ball Team, 1909-10; Member of Class Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Member of Second Basket-ball Team, 1908-09.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

ADELAIDE ELIZABETH MUECKE, *Latin*
Kingston, Tennessee

Adam

Bainonian; Treasurer of Bainonian, 1908-09; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10; Association Editor of Chilhowean, 1910; Member of Senior Basket-ball Team.

I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody.

JAMES ABSALOM PADGETT, *Mathematical*
Old Fort, North Carolina

Alpha Sigma; Vice-President of Alpha Sigma, 1909.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

RUBY CHARLES PATTON, *Latin*
Maryville, Tennessee

Bainonian; Member of Second Basket-ball Team, 1907-08; Second Alto in Bainonian Quartette, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Graduate of Expression, 1908; President of Class, 1908-09; Secretary of Bainonian, 1909; Second Alto in Senior Quartette; Member of Senior Basket-ball Team; President of Adelphic Union, 1907-08; Associate Editor of CHILHOWEAN, 1910; Class Orator Commencement, 1910.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

GEORGE MERRIMON PAYNE, *English*
Cross Rock, North Carolina

Jim

Alpha Sigma; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1908-09; Vice-President of Class, 1908-09; Assistant Librarian, 1909-10; Assistant in Psychology, 1909-10.

He counts that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from his hand no worthy action done.

GRACE DRENON ROBERTSON, *Latin*
Maryville, Tennessee

Bainonian.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

ALBERT CHARLES SAMSEL. *Political Science*
Tate Spring, Tennessee

Cap

Alpha Sigma; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1906-07; Vice-President of Stag Club, 1906; Corresponding Secretary of Alpha Sigma, 1907; Class Editor, 1907-08; Treasurer Taft Club, 1908; Member of Varsity Football Team, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09; Captain of Varsity Football Team 1907-08, 1908-09; Member of Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Captain of Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1908-09, 1909-10; President of Adelphic Union, 1909-10; President of Senior Class.

A man of few words, who spends half his time in minding his own business and the other half in letting other people's alone.

KATE EDITH SHEDDAN. *English*
Jefferson City, Tennessee

Theta Epsilon; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Assistant in Bookkeeping, 1908-09, 1909-10.

A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

ALEXANDER ARTHUR SHEDDAN. *Political Science*
Jefferson City, Tennessee

Abe

Alpha Sigma; Freshman Debater, 1907; Class President, 1907-08; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1908; Assistant in Biology, 1909-10; President of Athletic Association, 1909-10; Business Manager of CHILHOWEAN, 1910.

Stern was his look, and dignified.

JACKSON SMITH, *English*
Asheville, North Carolina

Alpha Sigma: President of Y. M. C. A., 1907; President of Athletic Association, 1907-08; President of Ministerial Association; President of Alpha Sigma, 1909; President of Class, 1906-07; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1908; Member of Varsity Football Team, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Member of College Quartette, 1908-09, 1909-10; Baseball Manager, 1910.

He was a man: take him for all in all,
I shall never see his like again.

WINNIFRED STIVERS, *Latin*
Hill City, Tennessee

Freddie

Bainonian: Secretary of Bainonian, 1908; Vice-President of Class, 1907-08; Graduate in Voice, 1910; First Soprano in Bainonian Quartette, 1908-09, 1909-10; First Soprano in Senior Quartette; First Soprano in Y. W. C. A. Quartette; Member of Senior Basket-ball Team.

By Heaven, she is a dainty one.

THOMAS ALEXANDER FERGUSON WILLIAMS,
Mathematical
Clinton, Tennessee

Taf

Alpha Sigma: President of Bryan Club, 1908; President of Alpha Sigma, 1910; Member of Baseball Team, 1909; Captain of Basket-ball "Scrubs," 1909-10; Manager of Football Team, 1909; Secretary of Committee on Intercollegiate Literary Contests, 1908-09, 1909-10; Athletic Editor of *College Monthly*, 1908-09, 1909-10; Athletic Editor of CHILHOWEAN, 1910; Class Orator Commencement, 1910.

The gentleman is learned and a most rare speaker.

WILLIAM JOHN YOURD, *Latin*
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

Alpha Sigma; Vice-President of Alpha Sigma; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

In Memoriam

Archie Duncan Sabin

July 13, 1888 — March 23, 1908

H. Duff Singleton

December 3, 1886 — June 13, 1909

Class Poem

Four years, both long and short, I wrought with gallant mates
All in a common cause. For us the day has fully come
When we must leave the Hill, and use what we have gained.
Four years? Four ages! Nay, four hours! In sooth I know not.
But the time is past, and passing brought us joy
Beyond the years which went before.

Now once again
Look back! From village, town, and more from farm we came.
Filled with the hope and purpose which lead men to toil
And stake upon the issue all they have. We came
And met, and finding common aim, made common cause.
A thirst for knowledge filled us, which we fain would slake
With mighty draughts from out our spring of knowledge.
And still the taste but caused the thirst to grow. Anon
We saw a greater need, the need to know and mingle
With our fellow men. To this we gave our thoughts
Nor left the former guest, but pushed it on, tho' still
The thirst did grow. Not one, but all as one we rose,
And as we grew our hearts were knit with closer ties
To Maryville—our Alma Mater grand.

And lo!
Our College called for men to bear her name abroad.
And at the call, from us who wore the green and white,
Came men whom none surpassed. Nigh half the force which bore
Abroad the honor of our school were drawn from us.
And we alone, of all the classes from the first
Which Maryville sent forth, have dared to meet and strive
In honor with a foreign foe. Our rivals feared
As they feared not a plague, when we did strive.

Thus passed the years, and I, forsooth, would gladly sing
Their praise. And yet I cannot, for the song is great.
Far greater than I yet can know. I cast the lyre
Aside and dream as bards since Orpheus have dreamed:
And in my dream the spirit voices speak. Above,
Below, and round about, I hear them in the air.
Their speech is of the field and deeds which shall be wrought
By Nineteen-ten. Aye and they shall be. Maryville
Hath reared a brood of men. They will not flinch tho' Hell
Itself arise to bid them stay. And Hell will strive
To check the works which Nineteen-ten will do. And we
Perchance will fall, but falling rise with strength renewed
At touch of Mother Earth.

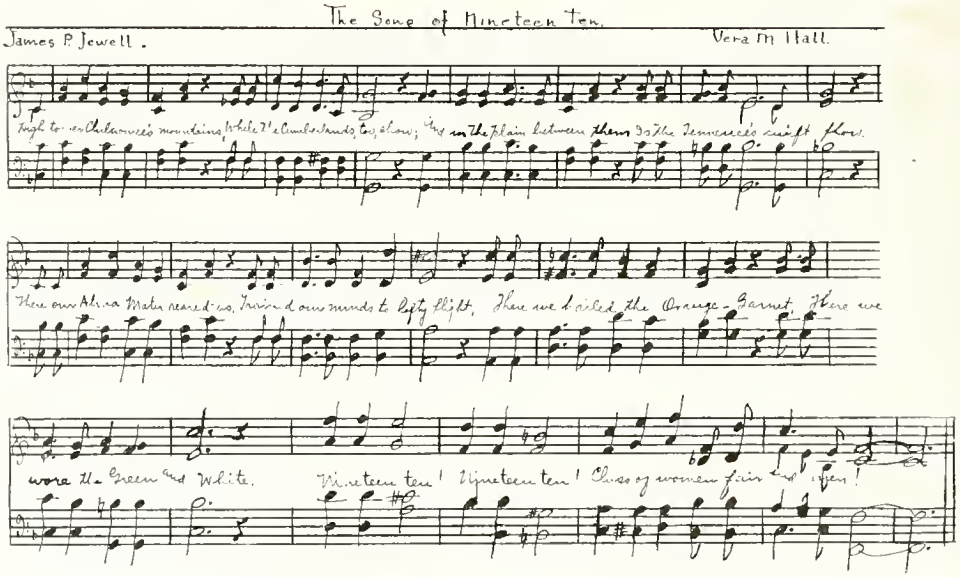
Then came a man who showed
To me the farther growth which Time shall give our work
And all Eternity reward. Had I the tongue
Of Homer, yet I might not tell a tenth of all
The wonders of my dream.

I wake and once again
I tread the Hill which is my home. New buildings rise
Which we shall never use. More we will help to build.
Our school shall have none greater in the land, and we
Will still rejoice. Our sons will reap the good of these.
Then in the woods I walked. The mighty oaks and pines
Bowed in the wind and whispered of the past. Our sires
Once saw them, and our sons shall see them too.

But now
As we approach the parting of the way, again
We'll meet, and yet again, and closer bind the ties
Which fellowship hath made. When we so soon shall part
No firmer love will be than that which binds us all
To Nineteen-ten. Yet none of us would stay, tho' stay
We might. The powers which we have trained we long to use.
So farewell, Alma Mater. When again we come,
We'll surely come, bearing or borne upon our shields.

"GOOD-BYE, SAM"

Senior Song


The Song of Nineteen Ten.
James P. Jewell.
Vera M. Hall.
Sight to - ward Chilcowee's mountains, While Ye Cumbo stands be - low; Yet on the Plain between them Is the Tennessee's swift flow.
There our Alma Mater nearer us, Twin'd our minds to lofty flight, There we hoisted the Orange - Garnet There we
wore the Green and White. Nineteen ten! Nineteen ten! Class of women fair and men!

As our College climbed to greatness
We were with her in the fight;
Now we leave her, all rejoicing,
She has reached a loftier height.
We will bear her name with honor,
When we're scattered far and wide;
We will seek our post of duty,
And where it is, there we'll bide.

Ref. Nineteen ten! Nineteen ten!
Class of women fair, and men!

Lay brick to brick and stone to stone,
And ever upward build;
That those who follow in our steps,
Who train their minds, not gild,
May wider bear in fame abroad
Our College—Maryville,
Rear lofty piles where we have toiled
With cheerful heart and will.

Ref. Nineteen ten! Nineteen ten!
Class of women fair, and men!

Senior History

ON September 5, 1906, the bugle first sounded in our College career, and we assembled, a mighty army, upon the battlefield of Maryville. Our Freshman campaign began under the generalship of a mighty soldier—Jackson Smith; and with our loved ensign, "The Green and White," waving o'er us, and shouting in unison our battle-cry, "Onward! Onward! to Nineteen-Ten!" we dashed eagerly into the battle for the possession of the land commonly known as "College Education." The first battle of this campaign was waged on the Gridiron, and on this field our Athletic Cohort gained such glory that more men were chosen for the Varsity from the Army of 1910 than from any other one army.

In this campaign, too, we had many skirmishes with the Sophomore Army. In these, we not only captured their ensign, but also took as a prisoner of war one of their number. But, wearied with his grunting and pig-like ways, we speedily returned him to his comrades, who, being cannibals, soon afterwards ate him.

The mightiest battle, however, was fought on the Field of Learning. In this engagement the whole army took part, and a mighty victory and great glory were won. The gaining of this battle ended the Freshman campaign.

After a furlough of three months our army was reorganized for the Sophomore Campaign by General Sheddan. Under his leadership we fortified the ground previously gained and won still further glory on the fields of Athletics and Learning. In addition to these great achievements, we quelled the attempted uprisings of the Freshman Army.

Our Junior Campaign was generaled by a wise and tactful leader—Miss Patton. During this time peace was made with the Army of 1909, and in celebration of this we banqueted them most sumptuously, and with music and mirth obliterated our former animosity.

Our greatest strength was then directed against the foe of Ignorance, and at the end of this campaign we had conquered a greater part of the land which we set out to possess.

And now, with "Cap. Sam" at the head, we have entered upon the Senior Campaign. Already the last stronghold, the front seats in Chapel, is surrendered to us, and our lances are lowered for the final onslaught. Since our first

charge our ranks have witnessed many changes. Some have been mustered into other fields of service; some have gone down on the firing line; but there remain twenty-five stanuch warriors who have fought the fight to the finish.

All too soon President Wilson will present our Honorable Discharges and disband our noble Army; but though scattered in every clime, our hearts shall ever be united under the folds of the "Green and White."

Seniors from a Junior Viewpoint

ALEXANDER—Likeable, true blue, peppery.
BRYAN—"Ivy," clinging, heartless (loaned out).
EWERS—Sociable, politic, generous.
HALL—Emaciated, pensive, lovable.
HAWKINS—Killing, artistic, warbler.
MUECKE—Red-headed, vicious, dainty.
PATTON—Flirty, shy, sincere?
ROBERTSON—Dashing, talkative? persevering.
SHEDDAN—"Tiny," fussy, energetic.
STIVERS—Harmless, curious, tranquil.
ALLEN—Woolly, zoölogistic, dry?
ASTLES—Gaseous, Koehleresque, metallic.
BRITTAIN—"Newport," words! words! words!
CAMPBELL—Suffragette, worth, Idahoesque.
CRESWELL—Frisky, joker? misunderstood.
GUIGOU—Self-sufficient, Napoleonic.
JEWELL—Pugilistic, doomed, plodder.
LEWIS—"Guess I'll stag it."
PADGETT—Cunning, idealist?
PAYNE—"Work's my ware."
SAMSEL—Ladies' man, sphinx.
SHEDDAN—"Shorty," moonshiner, altruistic.
SMITH—Sterling; we'll miss Jack.
WILLIAMS—Orator, pedler, "manager."
YOURD—Ladykiller, agreeable, duffer.

Junior

Jolly Juniors

COLORS: Gold and White

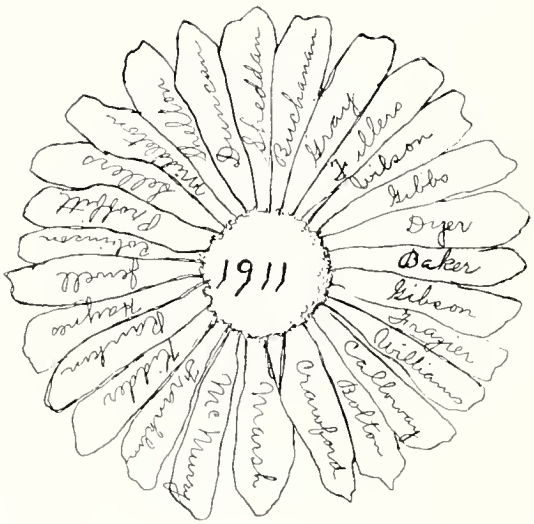
CLASS FLOWER: Daisy

YELL: Katana! Katana! Kataw, taw, taw!
Kazula! Kazula! Kazaw, zaw, zaw!
Katana, kataw! Kazula, kazaw!
Juniors! Juniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

RUTH JEWELL ..... PRESIDENT
L. E. DYER ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
J. B. SELLERS ..... TREASURER
BLANCHE PROFFITT ..... EDITOR

Junior Class



Junior Class Poem

Tell me, Daisy, gold and white,
Whence thy beauty and thy might?
"I began three years ago,
In the murky mould below,
To dream, to think, and long to grow.

"In my narrow walls confined,
For a broader life I pined;
Through the sunshine and the rain,
Strove and struggled not in vain,
My ambitions to attain.

"Into wide expanse I came,
Not for glory, not for fame;
Just an humble niche to fill,
Truth and wisdom to instill—
This my mission on the Hill.

"Not with royal, stately grace,
Void of comeliness of face,
In a lovely bed of flowers;
Yet, as sunshine after showers,
Glorious bright, the victories ours.

"Not content with meager lore,
Untried vistas to explore,
In a burst of sunset gold,
When released from calyx-hold,
Into freedom I unfold."

Petals, twenty-seven, white,
Circling beauty, worth and right,
Hands for aye in friendship clasped,
Hearts still true as in the past—
This the emblem of our class.

Dusting the Books

IT was more than three weeks since Cleo had returned from college to her elegant home in Chicago. During all this time she had been conscious that something was wrong. Her father and mother talked in undertones and seemed to avoid her. She felt that some secret was being kept from her.

It had been Cleo's custom from childhood to dust her father's books once a week, and he felt that no one else could do it so well. One Saturday morning she was in the library dusting the books when she heard low voices on the veranda.

"Husband, you know we must tell her," she heard her mother say.

"I know," replied the father, "but to think what a blow I am to give all her future prospects. I must tell her that she is to forego all the elegancies of life, all the pleasures of society, and go with me into obscurity."

Cleo dropped the book she had been dusting. She began to understand something of the mystery; but not until the following morning did she know all. She was again in the library when her father entered.

"My daughter," he said, "you must know the truth. I have lost everything. We must give up this home and go where we can begin life anew."

Cleo stood gazing out upon the beautiful lawn. She seemed unaware of her father's presence and of the scrutiny under which she was placed. Her father arose, stood hesitatingly for a moment and then did the wisest thing—left her alone. She went to her room, locked herself in, and sat down by an open window. Her first thoughts were of college. She had been a Junior the year before, and just before school closed her class had gathered together and made many plans for the Senior year. She now knew that she must give up the Senior year. She could endure all this, but what would Harold think? To be sure, he had promised to be true to her, but when he learned that she could not return to college, she feared that all must end between them.

"How can I ever be happy?" she said, half to herself, and her lips quivered. "I shall have to give up so much."

But Cleo was a sensible girl, and it dawned upon her that she must be brave for the sake of father and mother. She must make the great sacrifice: that of going on living her life for the sake of others, when everything that would make life acceptable had been wrenched away.

During the next few days preparations were made for leaving the city home. The father had purchased a small cottage in the country. He wondered that Cleo had never offered a word of complaint at all she was giving up.

"Has the postman come yet?" asked Cleo of her father, who was busily engaged at his desk.

"No, daughter. Are you expecting something?"

"I scarcely know, but I am going to my room now, and if there are any letters, please send them up."

Cleo had written to her college lover, telling him of her misfortune, and she could scarcely wait for the reply. Moments dragged slowly on, and finally the postman's whistle blew. Her heart gave a bound; she waited almost breathlessly for several moments, but no sound was heard on the stairway; still she must endure the agony of suspense.

On the day previous to their leaving she was dusting and packing books. Picking up a small volume of poems, it fell open and two letters, addressed to her, dropped out. Her father had been away when the postman came and someone had placed the letters in the book. She tossed one aside, but tearing the other open, she hastily read it. Her fears were all dispelled, for Harold said that nothing could ever change his feelings for her. She now looked at the other letter. It was from an old uncle in the little village of Trinity, Indiana.

"My dear niece," the letter ran, "your father has written me of his misfortune. I have a lonely place, but I have money; and if you will live with me and be a daughter to me this summer, I will send you to college next year."

"You dear old books! Have you any more treasures for me?" said Cleo.

Her condition was to be much better than she had expected, but it was hard to leave the old home. It was a lovely morning when her father took her to the train; but in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, a few tears trickled down her cheeks as she rode away from all that had been dear to her. During her journey her thoughts were far from the book she was trying to read.

At the little station she was met by her uncle, a rather unattractive looking old man. He drove her to the old-fashioned house. During the drive neither of them talked very much, and, soon after their arrival, Cleo asked to go to her room. The next morning her uncle asked her what she thought she could do in this lonely place.

"I shall dust your books," she said.

"I dare say they need it," he remarked.

"And I shall help the housekeeper take care of you," she continued.

The summer brought a succession of new experiences for Cleo, and when September came, and her uncle gave her a large check for her college expenses, she was indeed happy.

This last year at college was very different from any previous year. Cleo had learned many lessons from adversity, and when she graduated with class honors and returned to her uncle, her greatest desire was to make happy the lives of those around her. She was to remain with her uncle only a few days and then go to her father.

Harold had bidden her good-bye without telling her when he could see her again, and she wondered why she did not hear from him. One morning she was dusting the books with especial care when she found a letter in a book. It was the letter she had been expecting. It had come one morning when her uncle had been especially interested in his book and did not want to be disturbed, so he had glanced indifferently at the letter, and impatiently at the postman, and placed the letter in his book and forgotten it.

Harold told her in the letter that he would be in the little town that day and would find her.

"Another reward from dusting books," she said.

Harold came that evening when Cleo was sitting on a rustic bench beneath the grape arbor. It was a beautiful night in June. The air was loaded with the perfume of flowers, and all was still save the soft murmuring of the little brook at the foot of the hill. From the sky the moon looked down upon the drowsy little village. Together Harold and Cleo wandered, making plans for the future. He knew the circumstances of her father and wished to be a son to him.

On the following Sabbath, Cleo and Harold were quietly married in the little village church, and the following afternoon they arrived in Chicago and drove out to the modest little cottage. They entered just as the sun was casting its last rays on the desk where the father sat.

"Father, your son and daughter have come to make your old age happy," said Cleo. "May I begin by dusting your books?"

For an answer the old man laid a hand on the head of each and brokenly murmured, "Welcome, my children."

SOPHOMORE

SOPHIES

1 9 1 2

Motto: ΟΛΡΣΕΙ ΗΛΡΕΣΤΑΙ ΜΗΧΑΝΗ ΔΡΑΣΤΗΡΙΟΣ

Colors: Violet and White

Flowers: Violet

Yell: Boom-a-laka, boom-a-laka, bow! wow! wow!
Ching-a-laka, ching-a-laka, chow! chow! chow!
Sophomores! Sophomores of M. C.!

OFFICERS

HORACE E. ORR ..... President
NELLIE JOHNSTON ..... Vice-President
S. W. McCULLOCH ..... Secretary and Treasurer
J. L. TWEED ..... Editor

Sophomore Class

The Stand-patters

THE intense interest that has been excited by the Sophomore class, and we say it without boasting, has been directed largely to the feat of record breaking. It seems appropriate, therefore, in this year's annual to call attention to the past and the present of the class, that the reader may have a clear knowledge of our position and of the wisdom we have endeavored to use in facing the responsibilities of college life.

Our past is filled with enough events to warrant its narration. We use it for two purposes—for reference and for record. But we will not go farther back than our Freshman days of 1908-09, during which year we began a history that will challenge comparison with that of any other class that has gone out from Maryville.

Like the rivalry between Sparta and Athens of old, the ambition for supremacy impelled by moral courage was manifested in the fall of 1908 when we challenged the class of 1911 to a game of football, which resulted in a tie. We are honest enough to call it a tie—and leave it so, with victory perched on neither banner of the combatants. Mindful of our duty, following the football season, we spent the winter in hard studying—not insinuating that we do not study with the same tireless energy during the other parts of the year.

With the spring now on and baseball the chief sport of the Hill, we deemed it wise to settle that "tie." We will say nothing in detail about the game, only that the score ran 10 to 5 in our favor. Then began a career of record-breaking hitherto unknown by any class of college.

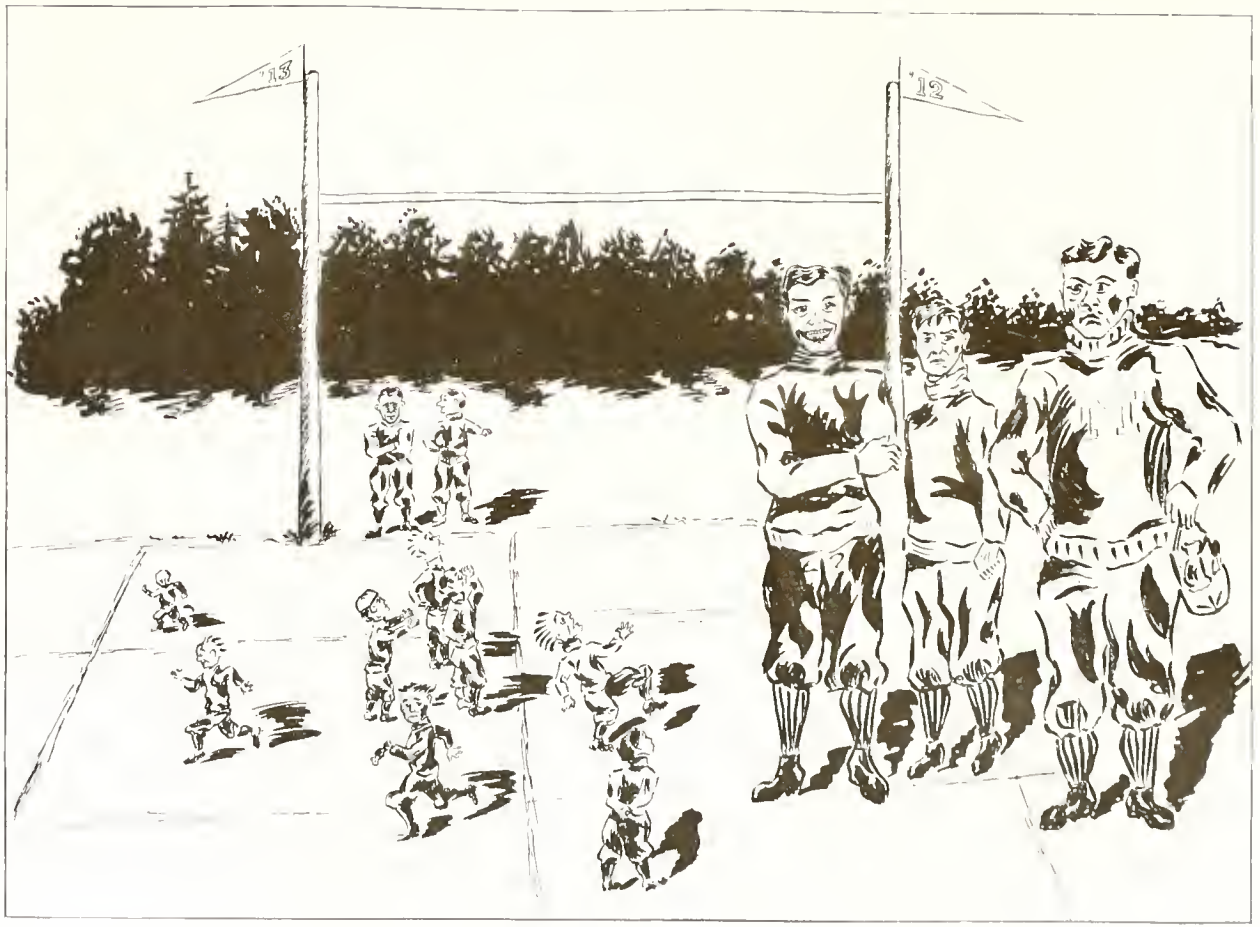
Many more instances could be mentioned in which we inflicted severe defeat upon our opponents, resulting in credit and honor to our banner. But we omit them to mention that highest of rivalries—that friendly, above-board rivalry, which calls into action our noblest of powers—the brain itself. With due formality we challenged our opponents to debate, the result of which was a landslide for the class of 1912 and the acquisition of the celebrated title, "The Stand-patters."

This ended our Freshman year of 1908-09. We passed the summer vacation joyously in our respective homes and the fall following returned to college as Sophomores, with renewed energy, with our ranks numbering thirty-two strong, and hailing from several States of the Union.

Our time this year has been spent mostly in wrestling with our books, the monotony being broken once by a class-party, at which time we made the stillness of the night ring with:

Boom-a-laka, boom-a-laka, bow! wow! wow!
Ching-a-laka, ching-a-laka, chow! chow! chow!
Boom-a-laka, ching-a-laka, chilhowee!
Sophomores! Sophomores of M. C.!

As to our ideals, a few words in the conclusion will make clear that we stand for uprightness of character, for religion without cant and austerity. Sensible of our duty, we are working with fixed principles and with a definite aim. Forsooth, we have not been sent to college; we have come. With no aversion for study, but rather a love for it, we are endeavoring to build such a reputation as will serve as a fitting end to our arduous, self-denying college course and as a bright augury for the future.


13
12

A Fragment

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

ACT I

Scene 1—*A Junior's Room.*

Junior (*Soliloquizing*)—To steal, or not to steal, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Sophomores;
Or take up arms against a sea of victories
And, by our thieving, end them? To rob, to steal,
No more—and by our theft repay
The taunting and the thousand dreadful shocks
Their conquests have inflicted. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. I have it!
Yonder maiden holds in trust a pennant.
'Tis a poor thing, violet-hued, yet
Sacred to the Sophomores. What triumph 'twere to gain it!
Yet the danger! Ay, there's the rub;
The darkness of the night, such deeds must call
For darkness, the long, lone way that lies
Beneath the cedars, where Sophomores might be passing.
The muddy crossing there, that does men's boots
With clay besmireh, enhancing danger of discovery
By leaving muddy footprints on the floor.
And then the dog! that fierce and dreadful dog
Whose sharp, clear yelp doth make vociferous the night!
And then the door, will it be locked?
Nay, they have a strange belief
That none but honest men frequent the street.
And yet the deed is one that calls for caution:
I will adventure it, but must have help.
What! Hither Freshman! (*Enter Freshman*)

Freshman—"Called, you, my Lord? Hast need of anything?"

Junior—"Marry! That I have; What I have need of
You have need of, too, and greater need.
Know you the Banner which the Sophomores flaunt—
Purple defiance to the Freshman band?
Royal, they call their colors, and, indeed,
They well nigh turn your crimson into ashen grey.
'Twould be a deed well worthy of your boast
Could you possess that banner, even by theft.
What think you; are you game?"

FRESHMAN—"Game! Well I should say!

JUNIOR—"But fear you not the danger?
The way is perilous, the dark, the mud;
And there's a dog! Know you the place?"

FRESHMAN—(*with hesitation*)—"Ay, I know the place, the maiden, too.
Who guards the flag—
She is tall and fierce and strong,
And, too, she hath withal a shrewish tongue."

JUNIOR—"Ay! that she hath!"

FRESHMAN—"But yet I fear her not. Besides, I learn,
She doth this very eve to Baldwin come
To spend the night. Her people must
Be gone from home! Why, then, the coast is clear—"

JUNIOR—"All but the dog!"

FRESHMAN—"Come, let's adventure it!"

JUNIOR—"Nay, go you alone. The glory then
Will all redound to you."
(*aside*) "Ay, and the danger, too."
"Where think you I shall find the royal rag?
Or in the trunk? or sewed beneath the mattress?
Or in the dresser drawer?"

JUNIOR—"Ay, that's the place,
Or so it hath been told me."

FRESHMAN—"Then I shall find it. E'en tho' the dresser drawer
Were locked I'd open it. (*Exit both.*) (*Curtain.*)

SCENE II—*Under the cedars—light extinguished.*
(*Enter Junior.*)

JUNIOR—"What, Ho! Slave Freshman! Hast thou done the deed?"
(*Enter Freshman, somewhat agitated.*)

FRESHMAN—"Ay, that I did! My frame doth tremble yet
With terror at the memory of it.
The street was dark, the light was out;
I went above my shoe tops in the mud.
Methinks I left a footprint on the floor.
The dog did bark and rush as if to tear
Me limb from limb. It seemed a monstrous creature.
And yet in daylight 'tis a little thing.
I gained the door, 'twas open; silence reigned!
Softly I crept upon the stair, and found

The Maiden's room, the dresser drawer, the royal rag!
With courage strong I seized it
And fled down the stair. The dreadful dog
Had now no terrors for me, tho' madly it did rush
And bark and snap upon my flying heels.
It was the bravest deed!—Hark! what was that?"

(*Chorus of Sophomore ghosts in the distance.*)
"Those Freshmen did our banner steal.
But unto us they yet shall kneel;
For we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!"

FRESHMAN (*in terror*)—Here, Junior, take the thing, for thou didst tempt
Me to the danger; thou must risk the blame."
(*Exit Freshman in haste.*)
(*Ghosts, coming nearer*)—
"And the Juniors, too, we know
They have helped to work this woe;
We will haunt them night and day;
We will surely find a way,
And their wickedness repay!"
(*Exit Junior rapidly.*)

Freshmen
LGE '10

Motto: Ad astra per aspera

Colors: Crimson and Gray

Flower: Crimson Rambler

Yell:

Rick! Rack! Rock! Roar!
Jabbercrack Boom!
Freshman! Freshman!
Give us room!
Rah! Si! Ki! Yi!
Top-notch still!
Freshman! Freshman!
Maryville!

OFFICERS

W. H. HENRY ..... President
HELEN C. SILSBY ..... Vice-President
GEORGE D. H. NORCROSS ..... Secretary and Treasurer
EVERETT B. KIRK ..... Editor
GRACE D. JEWELL ..... Assistant Editor

Freshman Song

(Tune, Dixie)

In Maryville the Freshman Class
Has many a gallant lad and lass.
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!
They've come from every clime and land
To join our brave and valiant band.
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!

CHORUS

All honor to the Freshmen! Hooray! Hooray!
In every fight we claim the right
To battle for the Freshmen.
Hooray! Hooray! All honor to the Freshmen.
Hooray! Hooray! All honor to the Freshmen.

Out on the battlefield we go
With courage strong to meet the foe.
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!
We're gathering now from all about
To join the fray and raise the shout.
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!

CHORUS

Crimson and gray, our colors bright.
We'll defend in every fight.
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!
In her defense we'll take our stand.
The bravest class in Dixie Land!
  Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Freshman!

Freshman Class

Freshman History

CHORUS

And first of o thing warne I thee
That peyne and gret adversitee
He mot endure and eek travaile,
That shall us cross withoute faile.

—*Chaucer.*

HE that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted. To all ye Knights and faire Ladyes:

Blast One—The Passage of Arms on ye Gridiron. *Ye* Challenge: We, the gallant Freshmen, do hereby Challenge our ancient enemies, the Sophomores, to mortal combat on the gridiron. *Ye* Terms: That no member of King Sam's regular army be allowed by the heralds in the lists. *Ye* Refusal: Sith it pleaseth not our hearts to arm ourselves and presente ourselves at the lists, and sith it requireth all our time to water our ancient laurel wreath, lest it might wither, we do hereby refuse the Challenge.

Thus it cometh to pass that the Freshmen win by default.

Blast Two—The Sophomore stronghold, situate on the Alexandrian coast of the second floor, fell before a vigorous onslaught of the Freshmen. It was a bloodless victorye and has been held by the victors even until this day.

Blast Three—Ye Freshman class were ye first band in ye gret four dyvisions of ye bonnie countree to make ye hills ring with their rousing war song.

Blast Four—Ye faire Ladyes did embroider with threads of riche scarlet and beautyfule grey ye splendid ensigns for their valorous Knights, who do chereshe these ensigns as the dearest treasures of their hearts.

Blast Five—Wishinge and not possessing a deare reminder of our Sophomore friends, we girded ourselves to the taske of constructing one. The result was not very beautyfule, but, consyderinge our models, as faire as one could expect. . . . Then, determyned to preserve a lykeness of our Sophomore friends for comyng ages, we found a strykinge resemblance in an old wax doll wythe one arm lackinge and one lymbe hewed off at the knee, injuries probably receyved in class tournaments. We clad it in a robe of a somewhat sickly shade of purple, their chosen colour, and passed it to one of our true Knights, who, carrying it through the very ranks of the enemies, did bear it safely to a secure place of hyding. There any valiant Freshman who so desyres may feste his eyes on this touching memento of the Sophomore class.

Blast Six—Ye presumptuose Sophomores did lay claim, by certaine alledged traditions, to the right of precedence in claiming the services of ye royale artiste for making ye lykeness of ye worthee bande. Sophomore preference to ye contrarie notwithstanding, ye doughtie Knights of Thirteenth Compagnie did seize and beare away ye unresistinge royale artiste and require that he displaye his skill on that princely bande before proceeding to less comely subjects.

Blast Seven—The Gret Feaste to our Allies. Sith gratytude is deep in every gallant Freshman hearte, and sith our worthy supporters are always readee wyth their ayde, we did decide to banquete them. Gude things of everie kinde were there and all farede sumptuoslee. We were expecting some trouble from our friends, the Sophomores, but they seemed alle to be asleep. As is usual, however, some were overcome o the feste and requyred the ayde of a torch-bearer to lyght them home.

Blast Eight—Our gude number is mayde up not onlee of Knights and Ladyes, but also o scholars. In the gret annual trial of ye sages, it appeared to be a Freshman who bore off ye crown of olyve leaves and mayde glade ye hearts of her clasmayts. They, wyshing to showe to the wyde world ye love and ye respect in the which they held her, did give and holde a feste in her honour. Wit and good vyandes made the feaste one to be long remembered by alle those present. . . .

Blast Nine. . . .

And thus it is provede that the ancient and mystick symbol 13 is to be forever unlucky—for the other fellowe.

Points of Interest in Town

PREPS.

Preps

ALTHO' the Preps have been continually pushed under by the Professors and College Department Students alike, they have always shot right back to the top. To start off the year, the Professors kindly announced that the Prep Department curriculum had been raised and henceforth the Preps were to know more and, incidentally, take four studies, whereas the beloved College Department Students were only required to take three. This was a severe blow, and many of the Preps thought that they would have to give up their favorite pastime—moonshining (in which they have always led the school); but they had reckoned wrong, and again during the season of 1909-10 the most ardent, guileless and loving moonshiners have come from the Prep ranks.

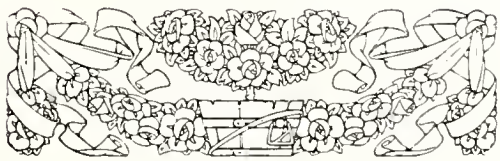
While the kind-hearted, far-seeing Professors were putting the harassed Preps thru the classroom work, the College Students were vainly attempting to scorn the merits of Prepdom. They would turn their backs and say, "Aw, he's only a Prep." Yes, only a Prep, but what would Athletics have been on the Hill if they hadn't been here?

Look at the muster-roll of the Football Varsity Squad. Six Preps starred all thru the season. Think of it, Oh ye College men, with the exception of Capt. Sam, the six leading players were from the Noble Prep Rank. In Basket-ball the Preps fared even better. Three of the Varsity Five were Preps, and they were the three bright spots on the Basket-ball horizon. Without the Preps, Maryville could have had no Baseball. Six of the Varsity men were Preps, and their playing clearly outshone that of the College men, while the game between the Preps and the Collegians resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Preps.

Even the faculty is interested in the Prep Colony. Recently, Dr. Lyon, from the upper left-hand corner of the tennis court, was heard to remark to Miss Monfort: "According to my ratiocination the reorganization of the Preparatory Department has been one link in the concatenation of events that have led to a scholarly uplift among the Preps."

While out watching Baseball practice one afternoon, Dean Waller expressed his opinion in regard to the Prep Department: "Remarkable boys,

those Prep fellows. Play good ball. Get their lessons, too." In his audience with Kaiser Wilhelm, at Berlin, Dr. Wilson, in speaking of the Prep Department, said: "The Prep Students rank among the very first in the Classroom, in the Literary Societies, and on the Athletic Field, and take a prominent part in the social and religious life of the College. . . . Those boys and girls see things thru."



PREPARATORY
COURSE
LENGTHENED TO
FOUR YEARS
PREP
DIPLOMA

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Participants in Midwinter Entertainment

1868 Athenian 1910

THE Athenian Literary Society, the oldest in the College, was founded in 1868 with a membership of only nine men. So faithful and so energetic were they that from the very beginning the Society was a decided success. Thru the succeeding years the Society has continued to grow and prosper until now it is one of the best literary organizations in East Tennessee.

The Society has never had a membership so large and so unwieldy but that any and all of its members might appear on the weekly programs as often as is consistent with the best literary work. In fact, a small but choice membership has come to be a characteristic of the Society. The wisdom of this is shown in the splendid literary productions of its membership on all public occasions.

There are now enrolled about forty members, and a more energetic and hustling bunch of fellows is not to be found anywhere on the Hill. The work of the Society this year has surpassed all previous records. The weekly programs have all been unique and very interesting, and it has been exceedingly gratifying to note the zeal and interest with which the fellows enter into the spirit of the work.

The students and citizens of Maryville have long since learned to look forward with delight to the coming of the Athenian Midwinter Entertainment. And their most hopeful expectations were again fully realized when they attended the rendering of "The Passing West" in Voorhees Chapel on January 28.

The two girls' societies and our brother Alpha Sigmas led off this year, each with a splendid program, but it remained for the Athenians—altho' coming last—to set the pace for all the rest.

On Thursday afternoon before the entertainment, about eighteen Indian braves and twelve cow-punchers, all mounted and appropriately dressed for the occasion, along with a wagon filled with a cowboy band, gave a splendid parade thru the streets of Maryville. Fully a thousand people thronged the sidewalks to witness the display.

Altho the weather on the evening of the entertainment was very inclement, yet the largest crowd ever assembled in Voorhees Chapel came to witness the rendering of the program of the evening. The program was in three parts.

Participants in Midwinter Entertainment

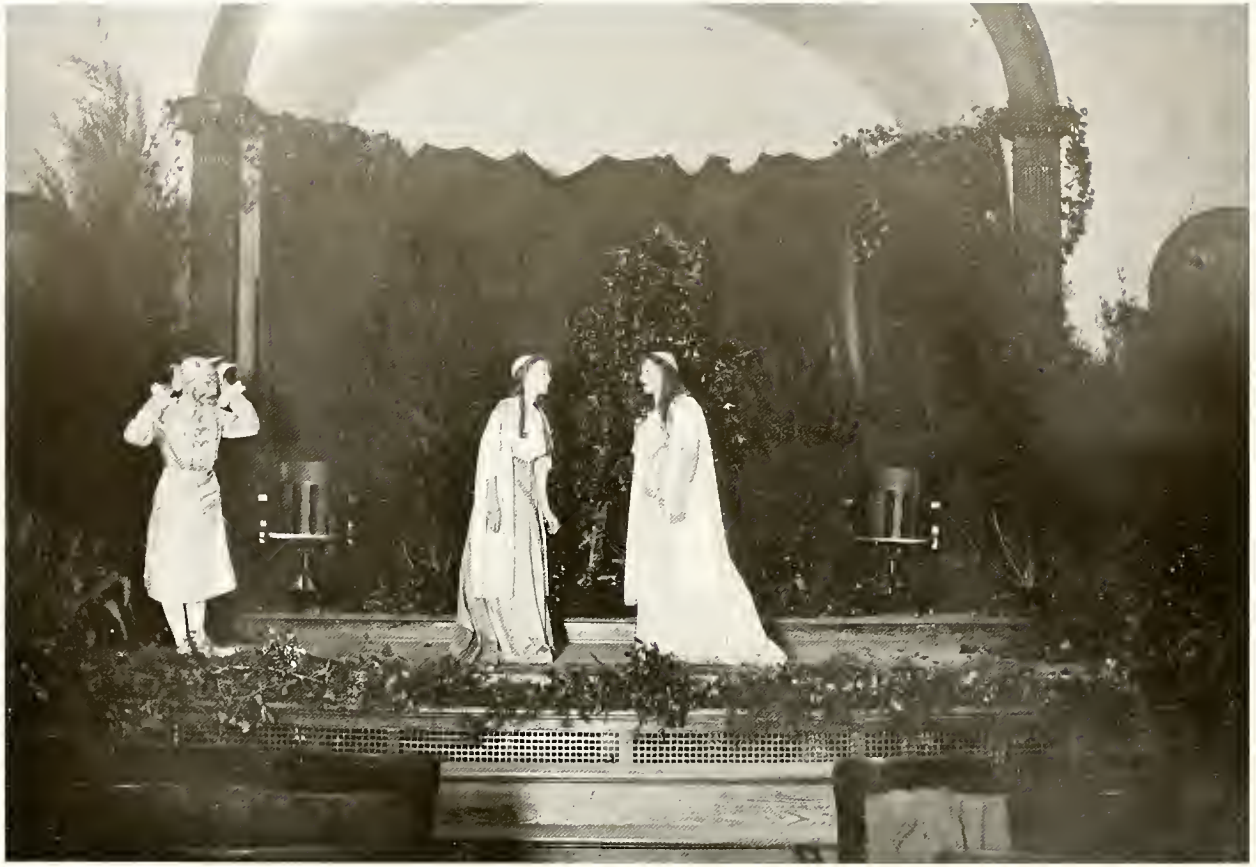
The first was a cowboy camp-fire scene, during which several of the fellows told some splendid stories. The second part was strictly literary and consisted of musical numbers, readings, orations and an able debate. Part third was rendered by the Indians around a realistic camp-fire, and during the scene they re-enacted many of their oldtime customs and practices.

The entire audience was highly pleased with the entertainment and joined heartily in pronouncing it the best ever given in Maryville.

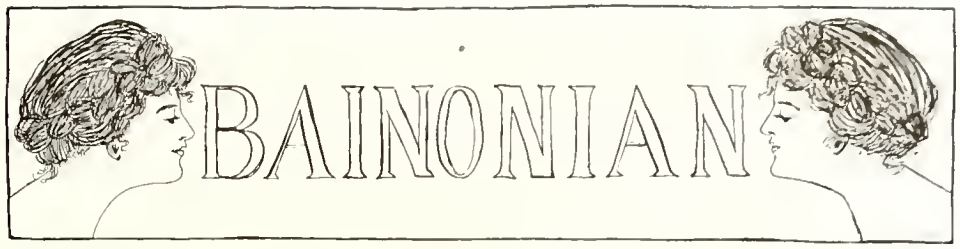
Athenians are now eagerly looking forward to the outcome of the Intercollegiate contests to be waged early in the spring. Two splendid debaters and an orator are to represent our Society in this meet.

At present there is some talk of dividing the Society into a Senior and a Junior section, but the outcome of this is as yet uncertain.

Judging by the quality of the membership now enrolled, and looking forward to the securing of many valuable additions, which happens every year, it is safe to predict a successful continuance of the high-grade work already begun and so ably continued thus far by the Athenian Society.



A Scene in Bainonian Midwinter Entertainment



THE most noteworthy event on the Bainonian calendar for this year was the Bainonian Midwinter, which was given in December. It was instructive as well as entertaining. It was called a Shakespeare Evening, and showed talent and careful preparation and training.

The readings, one from "King John" and one from "Macbeth," were exceptionally good. Miss West, portraying Hubert, who, at the command of King John, prepared to burn out the eyes of Arthur, was at her best. She had the entire sympathy of the audience in her impersonation of these intense lines.

When one realizes the difficulty of the reading from "Macbeth," the way in which Miss Patton rendered it seems even more wonderful. Lady Macbeth, tormented by the thought of the murder of Duncan, walked in her sleep. To preserve on her face the stolid look of a sleeper, and yet show in her voice the agony in which her soul was writhing, was an accomplishment which would have been very difficult for most readers.

The music was excellent. Our only sorrow is that so many of our singers are Seniors, and that, hereafter, we shall be bereft of their talents. But who knows but that hidden talents will come forth next year?

The subject of the debate was very interesting and was one that would claim the attention of the audience from the very beginning: "Was Mark Antony, in His Funeral Oration, Just to Brutus?" The debaters were very evenly matched and the Judges decided with difficulty in favor of the affirmative. The Judges were a progressive departure from the beaten paths and the debate was rendered very much more interesting.

But perhaps the part of the program that showed the most talent was the snatch from "As You Like It," as presented by Miss Rutherford, Miss Loy Alexander, and Miss Mueeke. The vivid portrayal of Rosalind by Miss Rutherford filled the audience with admiration. She could impersonate the part of a youth with as much ease and grace as that of a maiden. Miss

Alexander as Celia was a very sweet and true friend and roused within the hearts of all present a desire for just such a counselor as she. But Miss Muecke as Touchstone was deliciously amusing and very clever. Some of us even decided that she had missed her calling.

The tableaux were a fitting climax to all the foregoing. We could almost smell the orange blossoms and feel the soft Italian breezes in the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," so real and so beautiful was the effect.

As this was lovely and fair, so was the one following weird and horrible, for as the ghost from "Hamlet" stalked slowly up and down, the creepy chills crept over us.

Bassanio and Portia next greeted our eyes in the Casket Scene, and, if the real Portia was as fair as the one we saw, it is no small wonder that, after once seeing her, Bassanio could not forget her. But methinks a maiden is heard to say, "And did not Portia remember Bassanio also?" And that, too, would be easy to understand if Portia saw such a man as we.

Following in quick succession was the Witch Scene from "Macbeth." This reminded us of the times when, in our childhood, our nurses used to make us tremble and quake with ghost stories.

In the last tableau, "The Fairies' Revel," one could almost imagine he was in Fairyland, so real and so beautiful were these dainty creatures.

All in all, the evening was a great success and thoroly enjoyed by every one.

Alpha Sigma Literary Society

THE secret of the Alpha Sigma's usefulness in Maryville College is its creed. To be sure, that creed is not formulated to the extent of having been crystalized into a set form and of being dutifully read at the opening of every session. But it is, none the less, active. Uppermost in the minds of its members when any discussion as to Society activity is in question is the thought of what constitutes the function of an ideal literary society, and how the obligations which come from an understanding of that function may be best discharged. The consequence of this thought is that the solution of every problem is accomplished in a permanent and satisfactory way.

The raison d'etre of a literary society is the mutual improvement of its members. A society must recognize that, while its chief function is to inspire and instruct young men with regard to their future activity in varied fields of usefulness, yet no small part of its duty is to help them to live a normal life while in college.

First of all, a young man in college has his social needs—needs of social intercourse so crying that they must and will be heard by some individual or organization. A society should have in mind the satisfying of those needs at the time of its regular sessions. There are little moments, before the house has come to order and after adjournment, when the pleasant interchange of frolicsome fancy is of great use in this respect. And even in the routine activity of business or program, a certain intimate, all-pervading sense of acquaintance is possible. No incubus of parliamentary regulations can cramp that friendly attitude and suppress that warm congeniality which distinguish the feeling of good fellowship from that of proud isolation.

But the greatest opportunity that a society has of satisfying the social demands of men is not in its rules of order as an organization, but in the unseen bond it throws about them as individuals.

No situation can erase altogether the remembrance that society men have of being related as regards certain interests and activities. Two men who have clashed in intellectual strife will never forget each other, and, provided no unfair advantage has been taken, will the more readily greet and help each other.

Participants in Alpha Sigma Midwinter Entertainment

In these two ways, first, under constitutional regulations, and second, thru the creation of common interests as individuals, the ideal literary society should minister to the social needs of college men.

Then, of course, if there is any place where a college man has a right to expect intellectual exhilaration it is inside the four walls of a society hall. Here in a congenial atmosphere and under proper restrictions matters collegiate, academic, and national are discussed and passed upon.

There is not so much mental discipline in the mere survey of facts and theories as in the digested generalizations that must be made so that they will stand the scrutiny of critical minds. And what is, perhaps, of more worth than all in drilling the mind is the constant alertness necessary where opinionated minds meet. The intellectual acumen acquired here is the perception of how a thing appeals to individuals who have been trained under dissimilar conditions and whose mental processes are, therefore, guided by opposite impulses.

Then a society should stand as the object of that patriotic devotion of which every individual seems to be capable. It is worthy of being this object not because of what it stands for alone, but also because of the toilsome way that its devotee must tread if he would win the satisfaction of having performed his duty.

Of all the secular institutions found in college, such as athletics, fraternities, etc., we believe that the literary society is the best qualified to perform the function of attracting the semi-sentimental impulses of fiery youth, for the passionate enthusiast will find plenty of salutary chastisement in the midnight strikes and in the early tocsin.

It is only fair to add that the compensation of duty done in this respect will be an amount of lifting ease which, perhaps, nothing else can bring.

In addition to this direct influence on his life while in college, a literary society should stimulate the college man with ambition for the accomplishment of future usefulness. It can do so very easily and along essential lines by keeping worthy men and great events continually before their minds.

As the ambition is stirred there should be frequent opportunity of developing the growing talent latent in every man.

There should exist that democratic equality which knows no king, else the timid nature will be shamefully suppressed. Every man must be encour-

Participants in Alpha Sigma Midwinter Entertainment

aged to take part and to do his best. That best should always receive commendation, while the carelessly mediocre, or the poor—brazenly expressed here because it goes unrebuked elsewhere—should be rigorously censured.

With the power of arousing the desire to excel, a society should possess the means of nurturing that desire; of pruning the abnormal growths and of encouraging the natural shoots.

There is yet one more thing which will be contained in the creed of an ideal literary society. It is the giving of a varying viewpoint and a broad-minded tolerance. Nothing else is as badly needed in the life of to-day as this, and a literary society containing "many men of many minds" is the means par excellence of imparting it to the growing man.

Such, in brief, is the function of a literary society.

Democratic Alpha Sigma recognizes this to be true and puts that knowledge into practice as an unformulated creed. She teaches a college man how to live now and prepares him for more of life when college halls are left for colder walls.

Scenes in Theta Epsilon Midwinter Entertainment

Theta Epsilon

THE Theta Epsilon Society had its origin from a noble and unselfish desire for broadening the field of literary activities and so giving to the college girls greater advantages along a line which adds so much to the culture of the mind and to the development of originality.

Since the organization of this society a few years ago the numbers have steadily increased, and also the excellency and originality of each year's work shows that the members are holding up the standard set by their predecessors—the standard of success and progress.

Their motto, "Si deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?" is characteristic of the spirit in which each member promptly responds to every call for help in the advancement of the society interests, and the students who have gone forth from our society hall for their work in the outside world, influenced by this training and with this motto as their guide, are leading happy and useful lives.

We endeavor to cultivate every quality of both mind and soul that will contribute to the future good of mankind.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

Adelphic Union of Maryville College

A. C. Samsel (Alpha Sigma).....President
James Jewell (Athenian).....Secretary

"WE, the members of the Literary Societies of Maryville College, in order to transact business of common interest and to give an annual entertainment at Commencement, do ordain and establish this Constitution and By-Laws."

The above preamble of the Constitution of the Adelphic Union gives a clear idea of the purpose for which the organization exists. The Adelphic Union was organized in 1869 and was at that time composed of students from the two men's societies—the Athenian and the Animi Cultus. For six years after the beginning of the Union these were the only societies on College Hill; but in 1875 the girls of the College organized the Bainonian Society and the members of this Society were at once admitted to the Adelphic Union. A few years later the Animi Cultus Society was disbanded by a vote of its members, leaving the Union again composed of members of only two societies—the Athenian and the Bainonian. In 1882 another men's society was organized. This was the Alpha Sigma, and its members immediately became members of the Union. For twelve years after the organization of the Alpha Sigma society the Union remained composed of the three societies, two for men and one for girls, but in 1894 the Union was made symmetrically complete by the organization of the Theta Epsilon Society for girls, which was immediately taken into the Union.

Since the organization of the fourth society the principal officers have been chosen from each society in turn. For many years it has been the custom of the Union to give an annual entertainment and banquet. These functions usually take place during Commencement Week of each year, and have always been of great interest and pleasure to those who were present.

College Scenes

Farewell to Our Old Theta Hall

The sun shines bright on dear old College Hill.
'Tis Friday, the Thetas are gay;
The week's work's done, and joy our hearts doth fill,
For we meet in Theta Hall to-day.

Our memory flies back to the days that are no more,
And we look upon its walls with pride:
As we hear, in fancy, the echoes o'er and o'er
Of programs whose value none denied.

There were days, long ago, when our Theta Hall was new,
And even then their prowess was great,
There was nothing, they say, that the Thetas could not do;
At hard work they'd never hesitate.

Bright names shine on our Theta Banner roll.
Girls who have really made good.
Girls who have wrought, with loyal heart and soul,
Credit to our happy sisterhood.

We hail them all to-day, as our fancy brings them back
To join us in our loving adieu
To dear old Theta Hall, for Fate is on our track
And we must leave the old home for the new.

CHORUS—Weep no more, Dear Thetas, weep no more to-day.
We'll sing one song for our dear old Theta Home,
With a cheer for the new across the way.

Jezebel's Fortune

I'LL tell ye what to name the child," said Ma'am Summertop, as she soothed the bundle of wriggling, fighting redness with fits of jostles and jolts. "This child ought to hev' a uncommon good name seein' she was born a' Sunday. She's the first uv the hull lot uv ye 'at's hed sich luck. Now, I heerd that preacher 'at was 'roun' these parts make a sermon 'bout Jezebel, so I jedge it's jest the name fur her. An' I tell ye a forchune is comin' to her some day," she rattled off, nodding her witch-like head in prophetic assurance. "Now, what do you say? I'll bet Uncle Dave is drunk this minute, hey?"

"I don't know as I care what you call her," said Mrs. O'Brien, ignoring the latter question, and, closing her eyes, she wearily turned her face to the wall.

This was the first chapter of Jezebel's life. Mrs. O'Brien arose from her sick-bed and reared the little Jezebel, a new burden in her daily round of duties. Time soon passed and the child grew up among her brothers and sisters and schoolmates. Jezebel felt her heart throb as she compared the warm, comfortable dresses of her schoolmates with her own poor calico; and a bitterness of neglect swept over her when she heard them talk about their mammas being busy with cleaning and sewing and cooking; when they told of nickels and dimes to spend and of Christmas and birthday feasts.

There was just space enough for eating and sleeping in the two-roomed dugout in which Jezebel lived, and just money enough to keep her father in drink, without any love anywhere. Jezebel felt the deep mockery in the person of her father—"Pap" she had learned to call him. But the height of insult was reached when one day Eva Mott innocently asked her why Ma'am Summertop had named her after such a bad woman. A wave of conflicting emotion took possession of Jezebel. "I love, I hate!" her heart throbs kept reiterating within, powerless silence without. Then, disdaining to show her shame, she firmly closed her lips together, tossed her head back, and walked into the schoolroom to her desk of books.

That night Jezebel stopped at Ma'am Summertop's little shack and in floods of tears told of her troubles.

"Well, I am su'prised," ejaculated Ma'am Summertop. "I wouldn't let sich things bother me. Don't you know that name was picked 'special for you? An' I tell ye I know a forchune is comin' to you."

"What kind of fortune?" asked Jezebel, with a little note of sarcasm.

"Child, I hain't been told yet, but I jedge 'at it's likely to be money. It don't hardly look like money, either," and Ma'am Summertop closed her eyes tight shut so as to get a clearer vision into the future. "Maybe it'll be good looks or somethin' like that."

"I don't call that much of a fortune," remarked Jezebel, and got up to leave. Yet she went home strangely comforted by the old woman.

Ma'am Summertop stood at her little square window and watched the receding figure for a few minutes. Then she slipped to the door and fastened it and tiptoed to a large bag of old rags hung behind the rusty old stove. Removing the rags, she produced from somewhere a little bag of silver. With hawk-like eyes and eagle claws she counted it over.

Thirty-three dollars and three cents! Well, I jedge 'at she wouldn't call that a forchune yet." Then with a quick glance around, she hurriedly replaced everything.

Ma'am Summertop was at once the source of amusement and curiosity of the neighborhood. Her lonely, solitary life, her power of fortune-telling, her disdain for children, her odd conflicting ideas—these were about as near the mystery of her being as her neighbors had gone.

All had been astonished at her interest in Jezebel, nor did she ever let them forget the girl's name and predicted fortune as she went about proclaiming them daily. Jezebel seemed to cling to her as a fountain of love and comfort when taunted by her connections.

In school Jezebel continued her habit of reticence and aloofness even with little Eva; and as she continued to keep company with her books she also formed the habit of standing at the head of her classes.

One fall the little neighborhood found itself chattering and gossiping about the new teacher. "That college fellow from the East" was going to have charge of the school. The big boys were being warned to good behavior and silly girls to sound wisdom. But it was the same school to Jezebel and the lessons were the same, as she worked on silently and independently as ever. The teacher watched her with interest; he inadvertently

asked people of the neighborhood about the O'Brien family; he secretly put the girl's knowledge to test; finally, he opened to Jezebel a way to use her knowledge. Jezebel kept it secret.

One day she plucked up courage to ask her mother something. "Mother," she said, "I want to go to Bloomington for the next three days."

"Why child a-living!" gasped her mother and looked at Jezebel in open-mouthed astonishment. "You can ask Pap, but it'll rile him terrible just to mention it. He's been complainin' 'bout your learnin' so much and doin' so little. What you want to go for anyway?"

Jezebel shook her head and remained silent. That night she left for Ma'am Summertop's and made no appearance again for three days. When she returned she still remained dumbly silent to the questions with which her family plied her.

Days quickly passed until one came when Jezebel might have been found counting the hours until the annual school meeting would be held. In the early morning she sat on an old stump of a tree muttering to herself: "I can't, I can't." She looked up at the brilliant, mocking sun; she heard the birds twittering about her; she looked at the little brook before her and the prairies of living green beyond dotted with yuccas. No encouragement there. "No, I can't, I can't," she began repeating again audibly.

"What is it you can't do?" came a stern voice.

Jezebel started. She stood face to face with the teacher.

"I guess you can if it's your application: don't wait a minute either."

"Yes, I can," she replied boldly and started off to obey.

The hour for school meeting had come. The members of the school board looked astonished when Director Mott told them that Jezebel had applied for the school.

"Well," said one, "we don't think it advisable to dispense with the college fellow."

"He hasn't applied," answered Mr. Mott. "I asked him about it and he only said there wasn't enough money in it, and that we'd better give our next teacher higher wages."

"Let's go and see him again."

A few minutes later the College Fellow was entertaining the three members of the school board and recommending Jezebel.

"Ye-es, we can't question her book knowledge, but what about teaching others? She never has mixed with them, she's so plaguy proud of nothing. Then she's no hand at dress, but of course that isn't her fault."

"Oh, fie! give the girl a chance and a little money with it if you want her to dress well. Sit down now and write your acceptance; she won't want to wait long."

The three looked at each other and laughed. "Very well," they agreed, "you notify her yourself and we'll stand by the decision."

"And let's hope she can shake herself away from Uncle Dave and his beer."

As soon as his company had left, the College Fellow wrote his message, took down his hat, and started out to take the note to Jezebel.

Meantime, all in the O'Brien cottage had retired save one. The lights were out and Jezebel sat quietly thinking in the darkness. No one else heard a light tap on the door. She lit the lamp, turned it low, and opened the door. She spied a little note and picked it up and read:

Miss Jessie Belle,

> You are given the responsibility of teaching Oak Grove school for the ensuing year. The members of the board wish to see you to-morrow.

"Well," Jezebel exclaimed, rubbing her eyes and looking again. "Well! I've got a new name to begin with; the people think I can teach school, and I know I can. I just guess my fortune is found, Ma'am Summertop."

A Midnight Delusion

MY plans had worked without hitch or flaw. The time that I had been planning for, longing for, had arrived. I was a genius indeed to work out every detail so carefully. No one suspected my intentions, least of all my niece. She had inquired about me the last thing before retiring and and was much concerned at the report that I was worse. No one was allowed to enter my room but an old nurse. She could be relied upon. She was as cunning as myself. She, also, had hated my brother and grieved with me that he had died a natural death and thus prevented me from taking my just revenge upon him.

Revenge must be had. His daughter was the only one of the family left, so it rightfully fell to her lot to suffer the penalty of belonging to such a father. Poor, deluded creature, she even loved me. For it was a part of my well-contrived plot that she should feel her obligation to me and that my kindnesses to her should be noticeable.

At last my patience was to be rewarded. Within half an hour I should attain the goal of my ambitions. I wished the minutes to speed, and yet I wished them to lag. Thoughts of the murder had entertained me so long, I had taken such pains to work out every detail, that when all was over I should be lost and should not know what to do with myself. I was almost tempted to wait one more night just to be able to rejoice in the prospect a little longer. But, no, something might happen. There is but one time and one hour for every deed and no other is as good.

It seemed hours since the clock had struck twelve. At the very stroke of one I would go to her room. A sudden longing to go at once seized me. I could look at her, gloat over her, and deal out, as it were, one at a time, the few remaining minutes. Few? Yes, for her, when I considered the brief time of her stay upon earth. But to me, eager, impatient to be at work, the minutes would seem hours. I might shorten the time and go at once. But, no, it should be exactly as I had planned, not a minute sooner than one. I reviewed slowly every step that I should take. I could imagine it all to the point where the deed was accomplished. There seemed to be a haze over that. I could not see it clearly. But no matter, after events could take care of themselves. No need to plan out the rest of my life. It would be happy at any rate, with no thought of a purpose unfulfilled to goad me.

I was lost in thought. Suddenly my pulse gave a thrill. The clock sounded one. Joyously I leaped from my bed. I could hardly contain myself. I wished to rush like the wings of death and swoop down upon my victim. I stood thus for a moment aquiver, almost ready to act upon that impulse. But I restrained it and even went to the other extreme just to see if I could.

Each step I took deliberately, slowly, with the stealth of a creeping panther. I felt the wall of the long hall, counting the doors to make no mistake. How often I had done the same thing in my mind. I could make no false step now. I had gone over it all much too often.

At last this was her door, a trifle ajar, so that if she should be needed by the nurse she would be ready at call. Ah, she thought much of me, no doubt of that!

I opened the door with a smooth, quick movement. The sight that met my eye was gratifying in the extreme. There she lay, peaceful, childlike. A straying moonbeam sought her face. Ah! that was well. I could be sure now. I paused, to go over once again the anticipation of the act. What a thrill there would be with the feel of her white throat yielding to the grasp of my fingers. I leaned forward in my eagerness. Just then a smile flitted across her face. What a transformation! The very image of her father. Ah, how I had always hated that smile! The fates were kind, indeed, to add that finishing touch. It would be almost as good as murdering her father. I could never forgive myself to think that I had not been able to accomplish his death. But now almost complete reparation was made me. One step took me to her bedside, one look gave me strength. She should die with that very smile imprinted upon her face.

Throbbing, rejoicing, I grasped her throat. I screamed aloud with the great feeling of exultation that swept over me. Something clicked. The dream vanished. I opened my eyes. A soft voice sounded as from a distance. "The crisis is past, the fever has left him. He will live."

Winifred Stivers, '10.

WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN
BY A.C. SAMSEL
VOL. XIV
C.F. HUNT
HOW TO BOX
BY E.B. WALLER
HOW TO STUDY LATIN
BY Prof. H. Bassett.
Hunt

New Books

RELIGIOUS
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3	LENA AIKIN	SECRETARY
4.	WILLAMETTE BAYS	TREASURER

The Y. W. C. A.

FOR twenty-two years the Young Women's Christian Association has been a wonderful power for good among the young women of Maryville College. The work has steadily advanced onward and upward. During the past year the various phases of the work in the Association have been carried on faithfully and successfully, and we believe much good has been accomplished through the grace of God.

The Association numbers ninety-one members, and a large number of these joined the Bible Classes which were organized. The Mission Study Classes deserve special mention. Four different courses were organized: "Islam, or the Challenge to Faith," "Aliens or Americans?" "Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom," and "Daybreak in the Dark Continent." More than thirty were enrolled this year. Our regular devotional meetings have been held Sunday afternoons throughout the year. We believe these services have been a special help to the girls by making them stronger for the battle of life. Special features of the work have been the observation of the Week of Prayer for Students, earning the World's Nickel, and the regular monthly business meetings.

A "Y." W. C. T. U. has been organized in connection with the Association and much interest is shown in this branch of the work.

We have been very fortunate this year in having our Association represented at the Fifth Annual State Convention of Kentucky and Tennessee, held at Lexington, Ky., and at the great Rochester Convention. Three delegates were sent to the summer conference at Asheville last year. The delegates to each convention brought back to us very helpful and interesting reports. In this way we feel that we are keeping in touch with the outside world and that it broadens our view of the great work which the Young Women's Christian Association all over the world is doing.

We are grateful for the memorial of Miss Florence McManigal which was given by her brother-in-law, Rev. Oscar Boyd. The proceeds are to be used for increasing the Association library.

Y. M. C. A.

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HORACE E. ORR	SECRETARY
G. T. WILSON	TREASURER

FOREMOST among the organizations on College Hill is the Y. M. C. A., not only because of its zealous advocacy of morality and spirituality—characteristics which are implied by its name—but also because of its representative nature and because it is the heart of all college life.

Its membership is composed of men from every field of college activity: men who in their respective spheres are making good, and thus meeting upon this common ground are blending their best plans, thoughts, and ideals for the betterment of life among their fellows.

The activities of the Association are many. Its commodious home is ever the scene of ceaseless activity: with its work for new students; with its social receptions; with its lyceum course; with its handbook; with its weekly devotional meeting; with its Bible Study enrollment; with its Mission Study enrollment—through these and many other channels the Y. M. C. A. is an organized agency for usefulness and an aggressive force in college life.

Its influence is apparent in every phase of college life; wielding as it does a supreme power in the lives of its members. Not only does it mould the moral and ethical sentiment of the Hill, but it maintains a social life among the students and furnishes entertainment that is indispensable to student life.

The Y. M. C. A., indeed, fills a place in the student life that no other organization can supplant. Its democratic character, high ideals, and aspirations make it the epitome of the social and religious life on the Hill.

KIRK, Vice-Pres.; WILLIAMS, Entertainment; ROBESON, Membership; RANKIN, Music; MARSH, Devotional; ROBINSON, Bible.
SELLERS, President; ORR, Secretary; MURRAY, Mission Study; WILSON, Treasurer.

The Ministerial Association

OFFICERS

A. G. HINKLE	PRESIDENT
W. A. HAMMAN	SECRETARY

MARYVILLE COLLEGE extends the hand of welcome to each and every one of its students; but to no class of students does it extend a heartier welcome than to those who are preparing themselves for broad and useful service in the Christian ministry. The purpose of the institution and the personal interest which its Christian president, Dr. Wilson, takes in each student, make this welcome doubly sure.

Those of the ministerial students who were in attendance upon the College in the year 1900, realizing the need of an organization and the good that would result from being organized, met at the beginning of the fall term and formed an Association which has continued to the present time.

It is the purpose of the Association to give mutual help and encouragement to its members and to make them more efficient, through practical work, in the Master's cause. Its members conduct religious meetings of various kinds and by singing, teaching, etc., render valuable assistance to Sunday schools and other Christian organizations in Maryville and vicinity.

The Association meets semi-monthly in Bartlett Hall for prayer and the discussion of themes relating to the Christian ministry. Among those who addressed the Association this year were the following: Rev. Samuel T. Wilson, D. D., President of the College; Rev. W. J. Darby, D. D., Assistant Secretary of the Board of Education; Rev. J. P. Calhoun, D. D., Pastor of New Providence Presbyterian Church, and Professors Clinton H. Gillingham and Hubert S. Lyle.

Student Volunteer Mission Band

Watchword: The evangelization of the world in this generation.

JAMES P. JEWELL ..... Leader
MISS HELEN SILSBY ..... Secretary and Treasurer
MISS LENA AIKIN ..... Corresponding Secretary

MISS GLADDEN EWERS
R. H. HIXSON
H. E. ORR
MISS MIRIAM ROOD
ADDISON MOORE
MISS ELLEN DUNBAR
G. H. DOUGLAS

On October 19, 1894, a meeting was called in the parlor of Baldwin Hall of the students then in the College who were contemplating foreign mission work as a life calling. There were seven who attended that meeting. They were: Miss Etta McClung, Miss Cordelia Young, Miss Nellie Carmelia, Mr. Kin Takahashi, Mr. A. B. Peters, Mr. W. A. E. Campbell, and Mr. R. W. Post. The object of the meeting was the organization of a band that should have for its purpose: the growth in grace of its members, the maintenance of their interest in the subject of missions, and the stimulation of a more careful study of missionary enterprise and work among the students of Maryland College. Mr. Kin Takahashi was nominated as leader and elected, then the organization was completed and the existence of the Student Volunteer Mission Band of Maryville College was begun. Since that time it has always existed and, although it has done its work in a very quiet way, it may be said to have fulfilled the purpose of its organization well. Testimony is borne to this fact by the personal good its members have received in their own lives and by the increased interest in foreign missions among students of the College that has been felt through its influence. Sixteen of the twenty-two who have gone out from the College to the foreign field since the time of the organization of the band have been members, and more than half the number who have gone out during the entire history of the College have gone out during the comparatively short history of the band.

The band meets on Wednesday afternoon of each week. At these meetings subjects of interest to volunteers are discussed, news is heard from the field, and prayer is made for the work and the workers. In this way the meetings are made a source of encouragement and help to all those who attend them. And so, although the band has never been large in membership, it has accomplished much in the lives of those who have already devoted themselves to mission work and in the increased interest among the student body in this, the greatest of all the work of the church.

Athletics

The Athletic Board of Control

A. A. SHEDDAN	President
G. T. WILSON	Vice-President
W. F. BUCHANAN (Succeeded by W. T. Robinson)	Secretary
PROF. F. L. PROFFITT	Treasurer
J. B. SELLERS	Official Buyer
DR. WILSON, PROF. McCLENAHAN	Faculty Representatives
CHAS. D. CHANDLER, DR. J. A. McCULLOCH	Town Representatives
A. C. SAMSEL, MISS A. MUECKE, T. A. F. WILLIAMS	Student Representatives

FROM the standpoint of number of games won, the Football Team of 1909 made a rather poor showing. But we find the explanation of this mainly in the fact that a majority of the opposing teams were entirely out of our class. An exception to this is the poor showing made in the Mooney game, but P. C. Samsel was not in this game, and, besides, our fullback and one of our halfbacks were laid out with injuries early in the game.

There is not space here to mention all the obstacles in the way of the success of the Football season of 1909. At the beginning of the season of 1908 there was $0.29 in the treasury of the Athletic Association. At the beginning of the season of 1909 the Athletic Association was $368 in debt. The team of 1908 played Vanderbilt and Tennessee, the latter of which games especially the Association has in years past depended upon for the greater part of its finances. Soon after the management had scheduled a game with Vanderbilt at Nashville for the season of 1909 (with a guarantee of $350), Maryville was "tabooed" from playing S. I. A. A. teams. This necessitated the arrangement of games with teams to the north and east, in Kentucky, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Notwithstanding these and other difficulties, by the generous aid of the business men of the town, the Faculty, and others, we were enabled to secure the very efficient services of Coach A. E. Mitchell, of the University of Chicago. A majority of the team of 1908 were on hand, but there was a lack of ends and backfield men, and the Coach had to set to work to develop new men for these very important positions. And to say that he succeeded in giving the

team efficient training and coaching, and in instilling into the men a spirit of fair play, and in convincing Maryville of the sincerity of his belief in clean athletics, is only putting it in mild terms.

On the whole, the team of 1909, with the exception of the team of 1906, is unsurpassed by any of Maryville's splendid teams of the past.

When Captain Wright calls the roll out on the old gridiron next September, four Seniors—"Cap" Samsel, Smith, Guigou and Allen—will be absent, but with Coach Mitchell, Anderson, P. C. Samsel, Burnett, Maden and the others, and with a fair referee, we predict that on the night of Thanksgiving, 1910, the bird of victory will perch upon the banner of the Orange and Garnet.

And, in passing, we would not overlook the faithful "Scrubs," who endured so uncomplainingly the drubbings of the Varsity in the daily practice.

Soon after the Thanksgiving game the fourteen men whose names appear below were awarded the coveted and much deserved "M."

First Team

OFFICERS

A. E. MITCHELL	Coach
A. C. SAMSEL	Captain
T. A. F. WILLIAMS	Manager
J. B. SELLERS	Assistant Manager

WEARERS OF THE "M"

Roy Anderson	C.	S. C. Guigou	L. E.
G. T. Wilson	R. G.	John Graves	L. E.
J. S. Smith	L. G.	J. E. Jenkins	L. E.
W. D. Allen	R. T.	Earl Crawford	Q. B.
R. W. Bell	R. T.	H. N. Wright	R. H.
P. C. Samsel	L. T.	J. A. Burnett	F. B.
Walter Maden	R. E.	A. C. Samsel	L. H.

RECORD OF THE VARSITY

Maryville	0	Mooney	6
Maryville	0	N. C. A. & M.	38
Maryville	0	Wake Forest	3
Maryville	0	Central University	40
Maryville	23	Tennessee Deaf and Dumb School	0
Maryville	24	Berea College	0
Maryville	6	University of Chattanooga	20

Football Team, 1909

Second Team

OFFICERS

TOM CALLAWAY ..... Captain
J. B. SELLERS ..... Manager

LINE-UP

Hutchins	C.	Cuesta	R. E.
W. Wright, Harrison	R. G.	Wagner, Huguley	L. E.
H. Samsel	L. G.	Buchanan, Dunlap	R. H.
Gibbons	R. T.	Calloway	F. B.
McCall, Sheddan	L. T.	Brown, Brittain	L. H.
Owens, Hall, Hulse	Q. B.		

RECORD

Maryville	0	Central High School 6
Maryville	68	Harriman High School 0
Maryville	12	Harriman High School 0

The Scrub's Soliloquy
I that's tried like I have tried—
I that's died like I have died—
I that's said what I have said
And then fail to make the team!
I that's played like I have played—
I that's prayed like I have prayed—
I that labored every Fall
Waiting for the Coach's call!
I graduate, but still I hate
To leave behind me nothing great
That I have done, I guess
I'll finish here for what
I've begun
I hope he makes the team
—HUNT.

A. C. SAMSEL, 1910 . . . . . Captain
W. H. MARSH, 1911 . . . . . Manager

Samsel	F.	McCall	G.
Lewis	F.	Burnett	G.
Armstrong	C.		

Varsity Basket-Ball Team

The record of the Basket-Ball Team of 1909-10 is no exception to the general rule. The "Lions" have not only upheld, but have even raised the usual high standard of the past.

The Varsity was composed of three regulars and one sub of last year's team, and a very valuable new recruit, Mr. Armstrong, center, who played a steady game the whole season, and without exception outplayed his opponent. No special mention need be made of any player, for they all played fast ball, losing only four of the ten games played, and two of these to the same team. The most interesting games, of course, were those with U. T. The first was played on the local floor and resulted in a tie, 28 to 28. The second was played in the U. T. gym and was a victory of 35 to 28 for the "Lions." The third was played on the local floor and was a narrow victory of 19 to 17 for U. T.

The "Scrubs" came out with a clean record, having won all four games played.

This was, also, by far the most successful season financially in the history of the College. And by this success, the debt of the Athletic Association was greatly reduced. This was due mainly to the careful and efficient management of Mr. Marsh.

RECORD

Maryville	107	—Lenoir City High School	16
Maryville	33	—Y. M. C. A. "Tigers"	51
Maryville	36	—Y. M. C. A. "Tigers"	49
Maryville	21	—Mooney	25
Maryville	38	—Tennessee Deaf and Dumb School	19
Maryville	48	—Asheville School	31
Maryville	59	—Asheville Y. M. C. A.	21
Maryville	28	—U. T.	28
Maryville	35	—U. T.	28
Maryville	17	—U. T.	19

Second Team

Williams	Captain and Manager Frazier, Williams	G.
Baker, Lee	F. Stepp	G.
Hulse	F. Rankin	C.

RECORD

Maryville	27	—Central High School	19
Maryville	89	—Park City High School	7
Maryville	22	—Lenoir City High School	18
Maryville	45	—U. T. "Scrubs"	40

Co-ed Basket Ball

Girls' Basket-Ball Team

OFFICERS

MISS ANNA BELLE CALLAWAY . . . . . Captain
MISS SUSAN A. GREEN. . . . . Manager
FRED M. LEWIS. . . . . Coach

VARSITY

Miss Lois Wilson. . . . . F. Miss Anna Belle Callaway. . . . . C.
Miss Gladden Ewers . . . . . F. Miss Mayme Maxey. . . . . G.
Miss Miriam Rood. . . . . G.

RECORD

Maryville . . . . . 20——Park City High School. 7
Maryville . . . . . 16——Park City High School 15

SECOND TEAM

Miss Eva Samsel. . . . . F. Miss Beatrice Rutherford. . . . . G.
Miss Olive Wilson . . . . . F. Miss Elise Karnes. . . . . G.
Miss Ruth Newell . . . . . C.

RECORD

Maryville . . . . . 33——Central High School. 22
Maryville . . . . . 21——Central High School. 20

And again have the girls of old Maryville gone thru another season, bearing aloft the banner of the Orange and Garnet, without experiencing the sting of defeat.

At the beginning of the season, owing to the absence of Miss Ruth Wilson, Miss Montgomery, Miss Middleton, and Miss Transue, of last year's team, there was some uneasiness as to whether or not the team of Co-eds would be able to cope with their foes. But these fears were soon dispelled. For with Miss Callaway at her old position at center, and as Captain of the team, with Miss Lois Wilson and Miss Ewers as forwards, with Miss Maxey and Miss Rood as the guards, all working together under the faithful coaching of Mr. Lewis, there could be no doubt as to the result of any of their games.

Early in the season the Second Team defeated Central High School. Soon afterward Central High defeated U. T. on the latter's own floor by the overwhelming score of 21 to 1. This no doubt accounts for the fact that Miss Green was unable to schedule more games, and thus enable our girls to add as many more to their already shining list of victories.

Baseball for 1909

OFFICERS

Dubourg Thibaut	Captain
Chas. H. Bunch	Manager

THE TEAM

W. Morrow, F. Stair	Pitchers
G. R. Coleman, T. Williams	Catchers
L. Dyer	First Base
J. Hulse	Second Base
H. Kinzer	Third Base
D. Thibaut	Short-stop
G. Heilman	Left Field
C. Thompson	Center Field
L. Haley	Right Field

RECORD

Maryville	7——Murphy College	2
Maryville	8——Murphy College	7
Maryville	3——Deaf and Dumb School	5
Maryville	15——Deaf and Dumb School	3
Maryville	2——Dahlonega	5
Maryville	2——Dahlonega	8
Maryville	2——Milligan College	3
Maryville	2——Milligan College	6
Maryville	5——Milligan College	10

Baseball Team, 1909

Second Baseball Team

OFFICERS

Jack Smith ..... Captain
Ed Walker ..... Manager

LINE UP

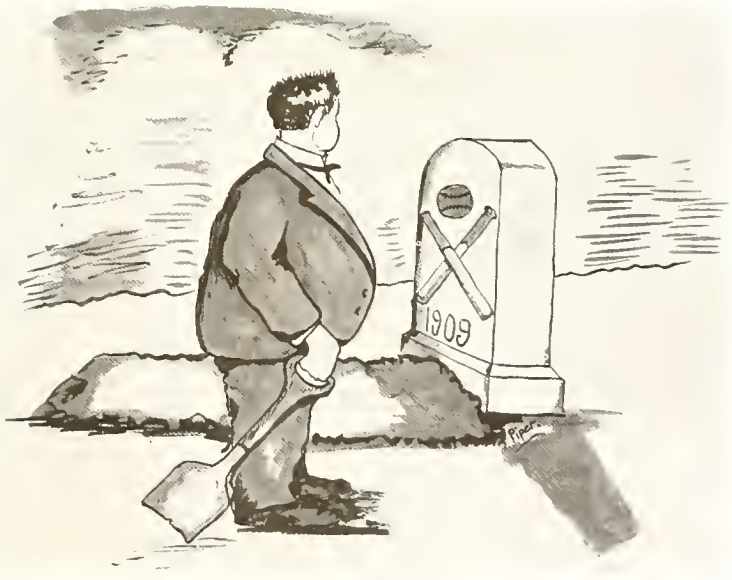
J. Smith ..... Pitcher
R. Coleman ..... Catcher
N. Reynolds, A Samsel ..... First Base
W. Buchanan ..... Second Base
C. Lee ..... Third Base
H. Thatcher ..... Shortstop
C. Markland ..... Left Field
F. Lewis ..... Center Field
A. Cuesta ..... Right Field

RECORD

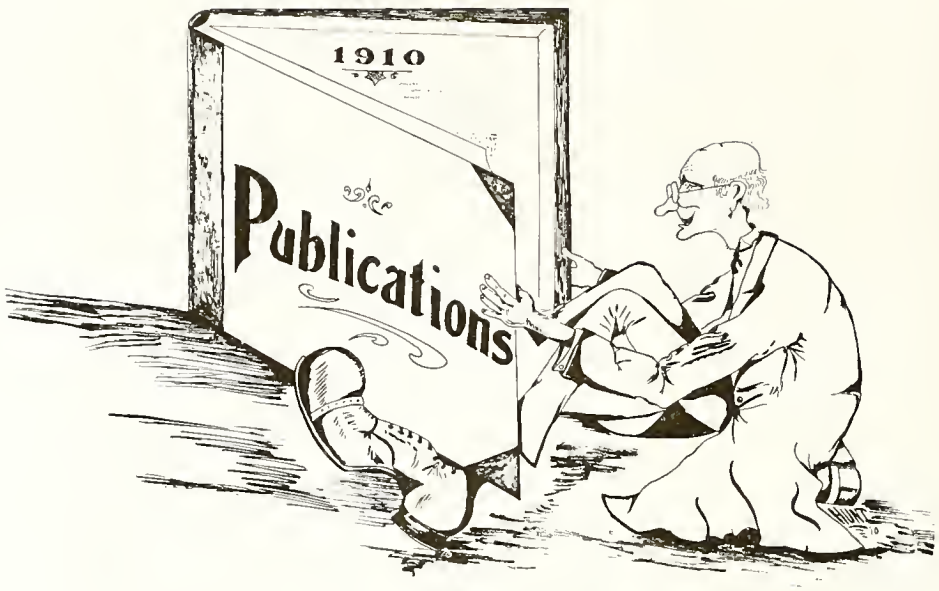
Maryville ..... 9——Central High School 4
Maryville ..... 15——Baker-Himel School 4

BASEBALL FOR 1910

Lloyd E. Dyer ..... Captain
J. S. Smith ..... Manager



Will There Be a Resurrection?



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Editors of the Chilhowean

The Handbook

Published annually by the Christian Associations

The Bulletin

Published Quarterly

Official publication of the College, the first number of which is the College Catalog

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Maryville College Monthly

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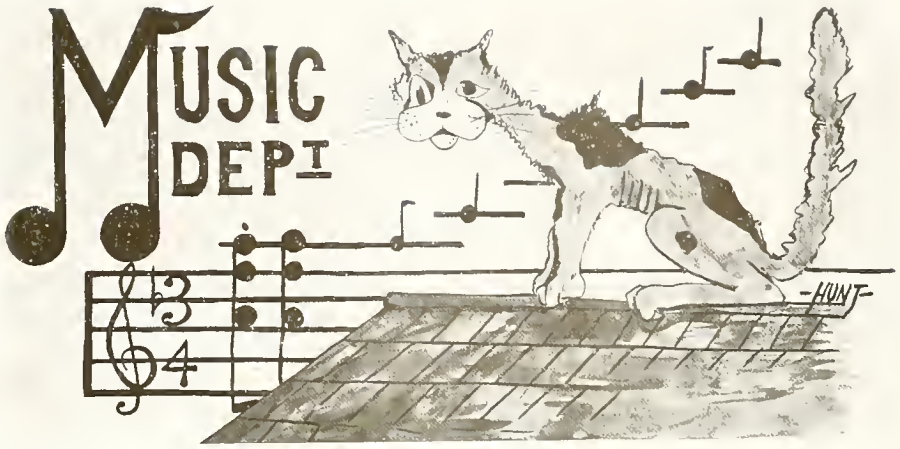


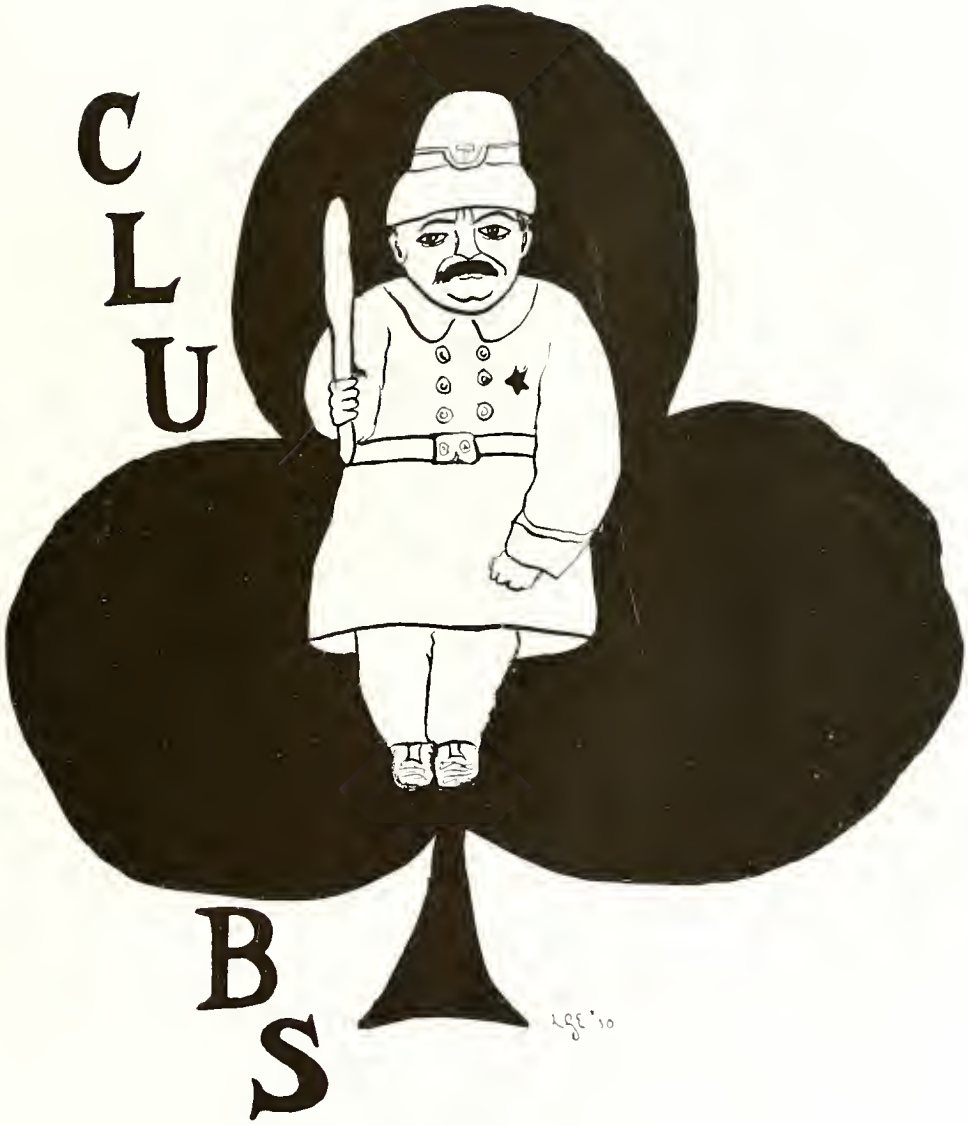
Graduates in Music

LORRAINE FOSTER	Voice
LULA GEORGE	Piano
J. L. JOCELYN	Voice
TIRZAH MAGILL	Piano
ADELE PATTON	Voice
J. M. RANKIN	Piano
BEATRICE RUTHERFORD	Piano
V. T. SHIPLEY	Piano
WINIFRED STIVERS	Voice
ELIZABETH SUMMERS	Piano

Graduates in Music

Graduates in Expression

1. Miss Proffitt
2. Miss West
3. Miss Cawood
4. Miss Rutherford


CLUBS

Billiken Club

Motto: "Smile and the world smiles with you, frown and the joke's on you."

Colors: Green and White

Flower: Smilax

Song: "Smile, Smile, Smile."

CHIEF LAUGHER ..... Alma Adams
ASSISTANT CHIEF LAUGHER ..... Adele Patton
COINTAKER AND SCRIBE ..... Hazel Dean

Ticklish Faces:

LORRAINE FOSTER
MAMIE DEARMOND
IRENE McNUTT
CARRIE FROW

"The Crammers"

Motto: "Eat, drink and be merry to-day, for to-morrow come exams."
Colors: Turkey red and apple green.

Yell: Cram it in, jam it in.
Students' heads are hollow;
Ram it in, lam it in.
Exams are sure to follow.

MEMBERS

MAUD McMURRAY ..... President
VERA HALL ..... Vice-President
RUTH JEWELL ..... Official Buyer
RUBY PATTON ..... Toastmaster
IVA BRYAN ..... Chief Cook
EVA ALEXANDER ..... Bottle-washer
TRIXIE ..... Mascot

Florida Club

Object: "To promulgate the knowledge of Florida throughout regions that know her not."

Colors: Orange and leaf green.

Flower: Orange Blossom.

OFFICERS

McLin Sheddan ..... President
Miriam H. Rood ..... Vice-President
Ruth C. Newell ..... Secretary and Treasurer
Lottie E. McQuady ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

Yell: Hipter, nianigan, hinnigan, honnigan, soneta, boneta, alla oo— oo!

Ours is the state, ours is the state.
And still we claim she has no mate.
Florida, Florida, oh! it's great.

Ye Sons of Rest

Foundered 1909 (on Chicken).

Resting Place: The Attic of Bartlett Hall. (To sleep or talk: that is the question.)

Motto: "Stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder."

Flower: Life-everlasting—Color: "Jersey" Red.

Ambition: To exterminate the bats and sparrows.

Mascot: Weary Willie.

Yawn: Ah—um—es—eh-h
Pf—uh—i—oh
Uh—ee—em—bah.

SELLERS
MIDDLETON
MARSH
RANKIN

SHELTON
SMITH
CRESWELL
PAYNE

SHEDDAN
WILSON
GUIGOU
ORR

General Information Bureau

Sources of Information:
Louisville—Shelton
Newport—Rankin
Down at the University—Sellers
In a Magazine—Franklin
South Bend—Creswell
Spokane—Campbell
Den: Room No. 2, Bartlett Hall

Motto: "We Like to See the Ball"
Favorite Joke: Frogs in the Milk
Question: Have You Seen Cora?
Song: Old Jaw Bone
Set Up: Peanuts
Drink: Swinky
Book: "Pathfinder"
Game: Forty-two.

Calendar

September

7—Opening Day.

10—Students get the grippe.

17—Freshmen take childish delight in Snap.

20—Miss Kingsbury turned Jim Burnette down.

26—Crum slept in cemetery.

28—"Theron left this morning."

29—"1910" and the moon at Brown's grove.

October

1—Trixie a visitor on College Hill.

2—Miss Bewley's Recital.

3—Jim Burnette's vision of the Happy Hunting-ground. A. & M. 39; M. C. 0.

4—Charge of 11th U. S. Cavalry. Prof. Lyon officiates. Bartlett Hall moonshines en masse.

5—Wake Forest 3; M. C. 0.

6—Prof. Proffit went part way home with Miss Snodgrass.

7—Bartlett Hall buys "a iron."

9—Prof. Bassett seen in ten-cent store buying a "rat."

11—Miss Bryan's ring causes excitement in Psychology.
An auto seen in Maryville.

12—Discovery Day—Prof. Lyon rejoices that he was not born a Hottentot.

13—First edition of *The Commoner*.

14—Ruby Patton and Eva Alexander late at chapel.

15—Strike among scrubs.

16—M. C. 0; C. U. 40.
Jenkins "not right" during game.

18—Faculty grant demand of scrubs and they return to work.

October—(*Continued*)

19—Three members of Psychology stay awake during lecture.

21—"The Hospital steps got a new coat."

22—Rev. Rutledge led chapel exercises.
His frog tale.

23—M. C. wins its first victory on gridiron.
Pied Piper of Hamlin piped the rats from Baldwin.

25—Dean Waller buys a new hat.

26—Samsel asked a question in Psychology.

27—Herr and Frau Schmirel arrive.

28—Football contest between second- and third-year Preps.

29—Midterm test in logic. See "Jo Jo" and "Benny."

30—Hallowe'en snap.

November

2—"The Fitted calf"—Prof. Bassett.

3—Job Sellers drank a bottle of——milk.

4—Hallowe'en Witches came late to the Seniors. 3x3 for McIlvaine's.

5—Educational Rally. Half holiday, class parties.

6—Rev. Astles seen at ten-cent theatre.

7—Joint meeting of Y. M. and Y. W.

8—"Sister" and "Jo Jo" swept their room.

9—Dr. Barnes quotes from a new book. (300 pages, price $4.25.)

10—Flounders and other queer fish at chapel.

11—Frederic Ward—Merchant of Venice, "Morocco bound."

12—Mass Meeting—Jim Burnette's flowery speech.

13—M. C.'s victory over Berea. Capt. Samsel's star playing.

14—"Buck" and Cuesta return from the races at Atlanta.

15—Dr. Barnes calls a Senior's attention to the pronunciation of "hog."

17—"Promptness to Chapel" is once again the theme of our lecture.

18—Basket-ball—College Girls 19; Preps 10.
Fire Drill at Baldwin in dead of night.

19—College Girls' Reception—something new.

22—Psych Test.

23—Psych Test.

24—"Cheek."

25—Thanksgiving—Cramming Day.

26—Headaches and Drowsiness.

27—A Senior sells chickens on Market Square.

28—Another Senior arrested.

30—Prof. Lyon (to Franklin): "Give an example of induction using Mr. Creswell and my pointer."

December.

1—Dr Lyon: "Who's got my tennis net?"

2—Herbert Alexander suffering from a fit of jealousy.

3—Rad Henson made his début on the stage.

4—Editors of Annual met Dulaney. Sheddan stood pat and Campbell bolted.

5—Fred Lewis actually moonshined.

6—Business meeting of Senior Class.

7—Prof. Mathes no longer a widower.

8—Prof. Lyle told a "joke."

10—A Gypsy Encampment presented by the Theta Epsilon.

14—Dean Waller introduces the students to P. W. L. Red Dragon Club.

15—Dr. Wilson's Return. Torchlight procession and a coach of more than four.

Miss Patton's delightful evening "Among the Lilies."

17—Shakespeare Evening by Baimonians.

18—Coasting! "Jo Jo" prophecies continued cold and snow.

19—Final test of knowledge.

January

2—Dreams of home, Christmas, and plum pudding.

4—Opening Day. General hubbub.

6—Work begins in earnest.

7—Faculty Reception. "Snap" (later).

JANUARY—(*Continued*)

8—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Receptions. Separate affairs!!

10—Tie between U. T. and M. C.

11—Mr. E. C. Mercer of the Jerry McCauley Mission gives a rousing chapel talk.

12—"Lyceum course is required."

13—Trustees of College meet. No Theism.
U. T. 28; M. C. 35. Chilhowee sung at chapel.

14—Italian Boys give a rare treat.

17—Dean Waller's foot hung in his desk drawer.

19—Senior Class orators chosen.

21—Alpha Sigma Midwinter.

24—Misses McMurry, Jewell and Newell giggled in chapel.

26—Dean Waller overslept—consequently no Theism.

27—"The Passing West" in town.

FEBRUARY

4—Tigers 49; M. C. 36.

5—Class Party at Combs.
Girls' first and second teams' victories in Knoxville.

6-16—Evangelistic services conducted by Dr. Rodgers.

14—Dean Waller receives a Valentine.

22—George's Birthday—Holiday! Senior Party at Baldwin.

26—"Reveries of a Bachelor" given by Dewitt Miller.

28—U. T. 19; M. C. 18.

MARCH

7—All Professors wish to give good marks.

14—Miss Henry lectures on Rules of Deportment.

15-17—Winter Term Exams.

17—Miss Jackson and St. Patrick entertain the Seniors in a most royal manner.

18—Mrs. Alexander's entertaining Shakespeare Evening for the Seniors.

19—Requiescat in pace.

Afterword

And now farewell—
I loose the spell
The book round thee has woven.
This pleasure great
Has been thy fate.
And now thy bands are cloven:
Go spread the fame,
Proclaim the name
The CHILHOWEAN beareth.
Hail Maryville,
And honor still
The laurel wreath she weareth.

SMILES & ADS.
NGL '10

MARYVILLE COLLEGE

Rev. SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON, D. D., President

What It Is. An institution founded by Rev. Isaac Anderson, D. D., that under the direct control of the Synod of Tennessee has rendered ninety-one years of service to the cause of Christian education. Thousands of its former students are scattered over the world. Many of them are engaged in Christian work.

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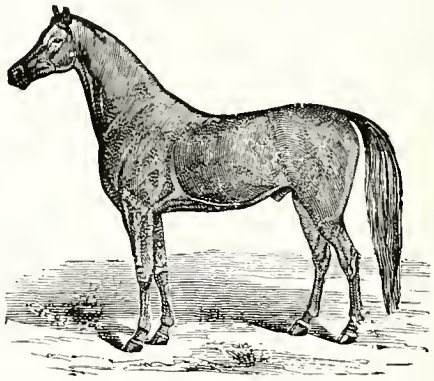

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"And here, too"..... GRACE JEWELL
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Echoes from Prepdom

Questions Asked

How long did the Thirty Years' War last?
Who wrote Gray's Elegy?
When was the War of 1812?
How many men on the ball nine this year?
In what month does Fourth of July occur?
What is the usual age of a yearling calf?
How many feet has a quadruped?
How many of our presidents were born in their native country?
How many quarters in the moon's phases?
Was Grant's autobiography written before his death?
How often do the annual mid-winters occur?
How many angles in a triangle?

Questions Answered

The gastric juice keeps the joints from creaking.
The crazy-bone is the result of softening of the brain, and occurs mostly amongst idiots and school teachers.
We have an upper and lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper moves when we do.
The Alimentary canal flows east through Russia and empties into the Caribbean Sea.
The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.
Anonymous—from Latin annus—meaning year.
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PREP.

MARYVILLE COLLEGE, MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE, NOV. 3, 1905.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am well and getting along all right at school. I like Maryville just fine. It is so pretty here. There are a lot of big houses all in one big yard. The yard is covered with big green cedar trees. Professor Gamble is my teacher and I like him. I am a Prep. this year, but I am going to study hard so I won't have to be a prep next year. But I don't mind being a prep very much; for we are allowed just about as many privileges as the college students.

I would like to see you all. How is my pet pig and my calf? You must take good care of them. I am not home-sick, but I am coming home for Xmas.

Good-bye x x x. Your loving son. JAMES WHITCOMB BROWN.

FRESHMAN

MARYVILLE, TENN., OCT. 28, 1906.

DEAR FATHER:—I am very busy these days but will try to write often enough to let you know that I haven't forgotten home. Last night was Hallowe'en. Our Freshman bunch captured one of them quadrupeds which Miss Green designates as an 'amniverous snoid mammal' and confined it in the apartment where our adversaries, the Sophomores, were to meet this morning. When they found it they became furious and it looked, for a while, as tho there was going to be 'something doing,' but the pusillanimous Preps. butted in and spoiled it all. If they would learn to stay in their own place the college would be better off. How is everything on the farm? I am going to debate against the Sophomores this year. I am sure we will beat them.

From your son. J. W. BROWN.

SOPHOMORE

MARYVILLE, TENN., NOV. 3, '07.

DEAR PATERNAL ANCESTOR:—With unmitigated haste I seize my pen and endeavor to transmit to you by means of modernized hieroglyphics a few of the cogitations of my brain, which, as our good Dr. Lyon would say, I consider to be of transcendent importance.

By unabated application and due concentration of my mental faculties I have attained the high and exalted rank of Sophomore. And, as the 'Bull' says, 'every thing is lovely and the goose is Altitudinal.' Our noble aggrigation of '10ers have bravely challenged all other classes to meet us on the grid-iron, but there seems to be 'nothing doing.'

Au revoir, etc. Yours, etc. J. BROWN.

JUNIOR

MARYVILLE T. Dec. 4, '08.

MR. BROWN:

Dear Sir:—I am now enjoying the delightful sensation of being a Junior. Dr. Wilson is going abroad next month and I am going to help the dean run the college. How would you like to become father-in-law to a sweet little girl about a year from next June?

Yours. J. W. B.

SENIOR

M. C. April 15, 1910.

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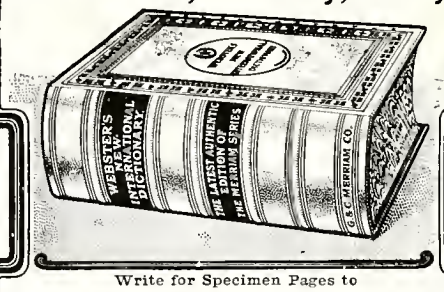

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Smiles

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MISS MCM.: "Why, Homer was a famous English poet."

PROF.: "What do you mean by une affaire de cour?"
MR. ———: "I think I would say puppy love."

A wise Senior was heard asking who wrote "As You Like It."

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HERBERT SAMSEL: "Yes, like a pee-wee."

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Dey's a jolly set ob younguns an' y'u bet Ah lubs 'em all.
An Ah bakes up all de goodies dat de young folks likes so well
Dat dey rush in heltah-skeltah w'en dey hyeah de dinnah-bell.
O, de apple-pie an' chicken, an' de biskits! Bress yo' soul!
W'y de boys comes back to Ma'ville jes' to git a good hot roll!
Is y'u comin' up to Ma'ville wid yo' pretty eyes an' smile?
Is y'u comin' up to Ma'ville? Well, y'u bettah, Honey-chile.

Uncle Steve

Wid de comin' ob de summah,
W'en de byes is 'bout to leabe,
Den y'u oughta see de scrappin'
Foh to git Ole Uncle Stebe
Jes' to do de laundry foh dem
W'en dey all comes back nex' yeah.
'Caze Ah al'ways gits de washin'
Jes' ez w'ite an' clean an' cleah!
Yes, dese clo'es is mighty nice, suh!
Want to see 'em at clost range?
An' Ah really is hard up, suh.
Can y'u let me hah some change?